This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

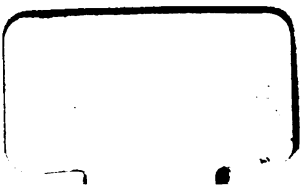
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

5058



SEP 21 1912

At Eternity's Shore
and Other Tales

BY
RICHARD MURRAY

THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS
114 E. 28TH STREET, NEW YORK.
1912.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
581215
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
R 1912 L

Copyright, 1912,
By
RICHARD MURRAY
(All Rights Reserved).

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

ГІВБУВА
ЬЛВІТС
ИЕЛ АОІЖ

THE LITTLE COTTAGE BY THE WOODS.

Outside a village a little cottage stood
Just back from the road, in the shelter of the wood;
There dwelt an old couple that was good and kind;
If you searched the whole world, better you could not find.
They were happy and contented, and although they were poor,
No one need go hungry that pass by their door.
They were good, honest folks, kind to their poorer neighbor,
And all that they asked from anyone was pay for their labor,
And with only love in their hearts this good old pair,
A kind word for all, and a prayer,
They together through the world trod,
Along the wide road that leads to God.

A CHILD CAST UPON THE WORLD.

This good old couple's name was Bell.
The man's name was Adam; his wife's name was Ethel.
This old couple sat in their cottage one stormy night,
The log upon the hearth blazed high and bright.
Outside the cold rain was falling fast,
And from the woods came a cold blast.
The wind sighed and moaned as they had never heard before,
And they had offered up their good night prayer when they heard a knock at the door.
"What can that be?" the good wife said

As she clung to her husband in fear and dread.
"Can it be robbers looking for gold;
Or but some poor traveler, starving and cold?"
"Why should we fear?" the good man said,
"We have nothing but a bed and some bread.
It is nothing to hurt us, I will swear by the holy rod,
And I will open the door in the name of God."
He opened the door and then to his great surprise
A strange sight he saw with his kindly eyes.
At his heart he felt a pang of pain,
For standing there, drenched with the rain,
It was not robbers that he did behold;
Those who would kill for gold;
But a woman, pale and haggard, shivering in the cold.
Her clothes were frozen stiff and clinging to her shapely form,
And close to her bosom she pressed a child to keep it warm.
When the old man recovered from his great surprise;
When the compassionate mist did disappear,
Formed and rolled down his bronzed cheek a tear
From his soul-bright kindly eyes.
Then the old man did speak, he said, "Come in, come in.
If thou stayest out longer, thou would soon be dead.
It would be a sin.
Come in, thou art welcome, our bed shall be thine,
Thou art hungry, at our table thou must dine."
"Come in, come in," the good wife did repeat,
As she helped the poor mother to a seat.
"And let us see your little child. Oh, isn't it sweet."
Soon the pot was boiling and upon the little table spread the best they had in that cot.
Good sweet milk, steaming hot,
And some good, sweet, home made bread
The mother ate. She enjoyed the bread.

The babe got some. Soon both were warm in bed.
And the old folks prayed again that night,
As they knelt down by the fire bright,
To God to give them health and strength that they
Might always be able to help the poor that pass that way.
And then they piled the dry logs high
The stranger's clothes to dry,
And to keep warm this little room,
To banish the bone-chilling gloom.
The mother and child slept well that night, and the next day,
The mother went again upon her way.
She disappeared as if by the wind she had been swept away,
But she left behind her the little child—a gift as bright as day.
Where has she gone? Where is she from? The people did say,
And they asked each other this question for many and many a day.
And for many more they watched for that mother to return.
And every night for a year a candle at the window did burn.
Their watching and waiting was all in vain,
Back that way the mother never came.
They must be its parents, to them it was plain.
So they took the child to church and gave to her a name.
"And who will be her father?" the clergyman said.
"I will," said Adam Bell,
"I will care for her until I am dead,
For I do love her well."
"And who will be her mother? who will guard and guide?
Care for her, watch over her, stay by her whatsoever may betide,

Care for her as if she was your own,
Of your own blood, of your own flesh and bone.
And see that she keeps upon the right road through life,
Through childhood, through girlhood, and even after she
becomes a wife,
Keep her upon the road that Christ hath trod,
The road that leads to God?"
"I will, I will," said the good man's wife.
"I will guide and guard her all my life.
I will watch over her by night and by day,
Until God does call my soul away."
Then the clergyman blessed and christened the child,
That little tot so sweet and mild.
He said, "I am sure she will be cared for well;
The little girl's name is Ethel Bell."

THE CHRISTENING PARTY.

No happier couple was there that day, as they tramped
home to their cot
With their little child so sweet to share their humble lot.
And when they got home they found
The folks from all around
Had collected there, their joy to share,
And to have a good time were bound.
Some brought sandwiches and pies so sweet,
Everybody brought something to eat,
And some brought something to wash it down,
And when all had eaten their fill,
All were happy, full of good will,
Some sang their latest song,
Some told a funny joke,
Some sang songs that were sung
When Adam was young.
And some fun at their neighbors did poke.

There was dancing to be sure,
All around the floor,
Gum boots and shoes did slip and clip,
To the music made by an old maiden's lip,
With her diddle um doodle di, and her doodle di dill diddler,
Up and down the floor they flapped,
She kept time as good as a fiddler
With her doodle di del doddle di, del doodle di del diddler.
Then an old chap named Bob Rider
Brought in a big barrel of cider,
Then around the floor he hopped and flapped
To the doodleum diddleum diddler.
He stepped on the toe of the musical maid,
And that took the tone out of her diddler.
Then old Bob Rider sang a song;
He sang it mightily loud and long,
It was all about good cider and pie;
It made all feel hungry and dry.

GOOD OLD CIDER.

Them city folks they jaw and talk
About things that's nice to drink;
About their Manhattan cocktails,
And their sodas with a wink;
About their hot birds and a bottle of champagne to wash it down,
But I know something that will beat it right down to the ground.

CHORUS.

Good old cider, good old joy,
Good old cider's good to wash down good pies,

But before you get too much good cider
You'll want to get the roads made wider;
But good cider's good to wash down good pie.

Now I went to the city once,
And not so very long ago,
And so to let them smart Jays see
I was not so very slow,
I just took along a demijohn,
And it was full up to the cork.
It was just the stuff to keep the dust
Down in old New York.

And when the song was ended the house with cheers did ring,
Encore, encore, give us some more, another song that man must sing.
We all begged him to sing but once again,
But he said it gave him pain
To admit it was the only song he knew,
But he called upon a man who could sing, if that would do.
Then he called upon a man that looked like he had seen better days,
It was plain he was not used to our ways,
For he dressed in the best store clothes with polished shoes and such,
That we could see, when we looked at his face,
The lines of sorrow through it we could trace.
In fact, his face looked like it hurt him very much,
This man sang about some poor wife that had been led astray,
And about her coming back again one day.
She died upon the street and by an ambulance was taken away.
This song is worth singing; this is what it did say:

AFTER ALL I LOVE YOU JUST THE SAME.

A young man and woman got married one day,
And had settled down for life.
The man was a good loving husband;
The woman a good loving wife.
And they lived as happy as they could be,
Until a stranger came one day.
He tempted, he flattered, he won her,
He took that poor woman away,
And the poor broken-hearted young man
One day at his home was found dead.
A letter was found that explained it all,
And this is what it said:

CHORUS.

After all I love you just the same,
Though you left me in grief and pain;
After all you are my wife,
My hope and my life.
Come back to me again,
I will forgive you and forget the past,
I will love you to the last,
For, after all, I love you just the same.

One cold winter's night in a city so gay,
And the snow was falling fast,
A woman was found on a sidewalk,
An outcast was breathing her last.
A policeman rang for an ambulance,
And before they took her away,
To the doctor she told her story,
And how she had been led astray.
"Though I left him I loved only him,"

She said as her eyes they grew dim.
"That letter was written by him for me,
And I am going, now, to him."

Such melody, such words, in song before we had never heard,
As we stared with our eyes, our ears and mouth wide open drank in every word,
Was that man telling of his own past life?
Was he the man that wronged that poor wife
That fell to sin? Was it he that wrenched two souls apart
Or was he her brother or some other kin that felt the pain in his breaking heart?
As the last words fell from his lips two tears rolled down his cheek,
He started toward the door. We called him back,
But he did not stop or speak,
And with his head bowed down, as he left the house we heard him sob and moan,
It was plain that he was sorrowing and wished to be alone,
A dampness fell on our spirits, every heart was chilled,
And every eye in that house with tears was filled.
We all felt very sad until old Bob Rider
Called another man to sing and served around more cider.
And then he called upon a lady that was from the city
He said he thought that she could sing as good as she was pretty.
"As there is no piano," she said, "I will do the best I can."
And she sang a very pretty song and this is how it ran:

JUST TO SEE YOUR LAUGHING EYES AGAIN.

A soldier and his sweetheart stood, one day,
They'd met again to bid adieu.

"I love my country," said the soldier boy,
"And you don't know how I love you.
And because you told me that you loved me dear,
I fear no foe nor bullet's sting.
I'll be foremost in the fighting day and night,
And this is what I'll gayly sing:

CHORUS.

"Just to see your laughing eyes again.
Just to know your heart is true,
I will fight for love and right,
I will fight by day or night,
For my country, dear, and you.
And if by chance I shall fall,
If I be numbered with the slain,
Then at Heaven's gate I'll wait,
Just to see your laughing eyes again.

"You told me that my country had first call,
But if I fall, if I should fall,
I love my country dearly, little girl,
But I love you the best of all.
And when the war is over, sweetheart dear,
If I should live the end to see,
I will hasten every moment when I'm free,
Yes, back again, love, back to thee."

The fife and drum were playing mournfully,
And soldiers marched with measured tread,
And heads bowed down in sorrow at the grave
They laid to rest their honored dead.
For the soldier boy had fallen in the fight,
But lived to see the battle won,
And a letter to his sweetheart he did send,
And sweet that message sad did run.

This song was as sweet as the singer, and the singer sang it well,
Then she sang another just as sweet with voice as clear as a bell.
It was about a pair of lovers, a little love story so sweet,
And the music so entrancing it got us all dancing—we could not control our feet.
Soon every man and every woman was whirling around the floor,
And they that could not sing could be heard, occasionally repeat the word, encore,
Until all were tired dancing. Even the baby enjoyed the fun,
And with her little hands she beat time
To that little fascinating musical rhyme.
This is how that song did run:

HE WILL COME BACK TO ME.

A sweet little maid with sad blue eyes,
Stood at a gate one day,
Watching for some one that did not come.
A tear down her cheek did stray,
Her poor little heart was breaking
Her lover again to see.
"Ah, if he could know that I love him so,
He would surely come back to me."

CHORUS.

He will come back to me
When he knows that my heart is aching,
He will come back to me

When he knows that my heart is breaking.
He will come back to me, I know,
Because he knows I love him so.
I'll be his wife, love him all my life,
If he'll only come back to me.

A sweet little maid with sad blue eyes
Stood at a gate one day,
At the very gate a few days late,
But the maid was light-hearted and gay.
Her sweetheart was with her and whispered,
"Darling, do you love me?
Ah, now that I know that you love me so,
I will always come back to thee."

A sweet little maid with sad blue eyes,
Stood at a gate one day.
At the same old gate and she knew her fate,
She had been married that day.
"Now tell me, my darling," she whispered,
"What sent you back to me?"
"Ah, darling, you know that I love you so,
I had to come back to thee."

After this a man sang a rag-time song,
With a voice that was harsh, loud and strong,
He said he was willing to sing a score,
But we had heard enough, and went out and stood at the door.
It was getting late now, time to go home, high our voices did soar,
As we sang the chorus of all the songs that we sang o'er and o'er.
Then we bid good-night to Mr. Bell, Mrs. Bell and Baby, too,

And as we went our way, we could hear the old folks say:
"Good night, good night, and God bless you."

STRANGERS UPON THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.
(Ten Years Later).

" 'It's better to be born lucky than rich,' " they say,
"But had we been born rich we need not move away,
From that little cottage we loved so well,
That was built by me and thy father, Ethel,
Had we not heeded the preachers that say,
'Be contented with thy lot,'
We would not be hungry today,
We need not have moved away.
But we might live in peace and contentedness,
In our own little cot,
Like, when thou came to us, dear child,
Just ten years ago today.
We had a place to sleep, enough to eat and some to give away,
When thy father was living how hard he toiled
To get bread for me and thee, dear child,
But now that he has left us we must go far away,
To where we can earn bread to eat every day."
And sad were the hearts of those two,
Heavy was their load,
When to their old home they bid adieu.
And as they turned and looked back down the road,
Until it disappeared forever from their view,
No friends in the world had they;
They were strangers upon the world's highway.
No one to comfort them, no one to cheer,
Nothing to ease their pain,
Nothing to eat, no place to sleep or to shelter them from the rain.

Their eyes were red with crying, they could scarcely see
for tears,
They had little hope in their heart, but many fears.
They had even forgotten, in their despair,
That morning to offer up a prayer,
But soon they reached the town,
And there, in a little church, knelt down
To rest their weary limbs and pray
To God to give them strength that day
And guide them on their weary way.
And when they arose their hearts were lighter,
The roads, the fields, and the sky were brighter,
As they bravely tramped along now, without fear or hesitation,
Until at last they reached their destination,
Where they soon made a home again,
And forgot their trials and pains.
But they never forgot their dear little cot,
That stood at the edge of the wood,
Nor their father, dear old Adam Bell,
That they both loved so well.
He that to them was so kind and good,
And now every morning they say,
They always kneel down and pray,
As they did in that little church that day,
To God to guide them on their way,
And to give them strength to earn their daily bread,
And a prayer for those that are dead.

THEIR NEW HOME.

For six happy years they lived together in their new
found home,
Happy, contented, whatever the weather they vowed
never again to roam.

Young Ethel had grown into womanhood, a great help to
her mother was she.
She helped her with the wash, chops the wood, cleans
the house and makes the tea,
Both healthy and strong,
And happy as the day is long,
Until one bright summer day, Ethel to her mother did say,
"Mamma, don't you think that I could earn lots of money
For you if you would let me try,
And mamma wouldn't that be nice, wouldn't that be good,
If we could save enough to buy
A little home like that little cottage by the wood.
Oh! mamma, dear, why those tears I see in your eye,
What have I done to make you cry?
Oh, mamma, dear, don't cry or I must cry too.
You know I love you dear, and I would do anything
for you."
"I know you do, child, dear,
But when I think of our old home it brings to my eye a
tear,
As often when you were at school or at play
I would think of the old home and friends that are dead
or gone far away.
But there, dear, the tears are all gone,
And I thank God that he left me the little one.
And now tell me what you wish to say.
Surely, child, you do not want to go away."
"Oh! no, mamma, I would always be near you;
I might get a place in the neighborhood a mile or two
away.
They tell me girls can get lots of work to do,
And get very good wages, too.
And see what a lot with a little money we could do.
You know I am strong, and I am not afraid,
And some day I might be a lady's maid."

"Ah! poor child," the mother said, "the world you do not know;
You do not know your danger if from home you go;
You do not know the temptation;
You do not know the snares;
You do not know what wicked men would do;
You do not know man's flattery;
You do not know his lies;
You might think that they are good and just like you;
You might meet a handsome, smiling face,
'The picture of goodness,' you might say,
Who with gold and flattery tempts you,
And leads you astray,
And then, when he tires of you,
Like a piece of dirty clay that clings to his shoe,
He would shake you off, cast you away. Oh! child, the disgrace!
I would rather see thee dead,
Than see sorrow heaped upon thy head;
Than see the blush of shame upon thy face.

A MOTHER'S ADVICE.

"If a poor girl was led astray;
If man that girl should wrong,
All the prayers that could be said until judgment day,
All the sorrow of the world could not wash that sin away.
They could not right that wrong,
If all the gold and precious stones were bestowed upon her
They could never buy her back her honor;
Ah, no child, stay with your mother, I say,
But if you're determined to leave me to go away,
Then heed now what I say.
Be honest and faithful to yourself, to your neighbors and every day

Kneel down and pray to God to guide you and
Guard you night and day;
And if you be tempted sometime to sin, remember
You have not only your own honor and future at stake,
the sin upon your own soul,
But the honor and prospects of generations to come.
They may follow in your wake.
Shall they say that you from them stole?"
"Oh mamma, say no more, I will always remember what
you have said,
I will always be good, honest and right, and when I am
dead,
And if to die first it should be your fate,
Then wait for me at the gate.
Then you will know that I kept the path you led."

ETHEL LEAVES HOME.

Only a few days at home, after the conversation,
Then young Ethel started on her way to take a situation.
With tears in her eyes, of sorrow and joy,
She had kissed her old mother, and said good-bye,
And on the road of life the young girl started,
Her mother wept at home, broken-hearted.
Sad was she, for she knew the danger;
Her child was on the road of life, alone, and a stranger,
But Ethel soon dried all her tears,
And from her heart cast out all fears,
So bravely along the road she trotted,
She felt that it was for her allotted.
She had not gone far when she met a lady that was very
thin and very tall,
Whose face was all wrinkles, with eyes that did twinkle,
and over her head a shawl.
When they got near the old lady said,

"Ah, my poor pretty maid, with your pack upon your back, a dime in your hand,
A pinch of a toad, and a grain of sand,
The jewel that glitters, the devils scorch on,
Show me your hand and I will tell your fortune.
Ah, pretty maid, thine is a refined hand, I see,
She that should nourish and love was cruel to thee,
Up to now you have had only crosses,
You were cast upon the world, you had hard times, losses,
And you will have more crosses, cruel fate,
You will go to a large mansion, through an iron gate.
Ah, and what is this I see?
There is something terrible awaiting thee.
A young man with a coat and a cape,
You will fall in his power, there is no escape,
But it is for you to say, is it for better or for worse,
Will thy life be a blessing, or will thy life be a curse.
There are two roads I see, and both of them are open to thee.
One road leads to a few happy days, destruction, sinful ways.
Sin, sorrow, death and no man's wife,
And on the other road I see
A few crosses and then a ring for thee.
You will follow this road, it leads to a happy life,
You will be happy mother, a good man's wife.
And further along this smooth road a blur I see,
A tempter; a man with mad passion for thee.
You will be tempted, but your goodness will win.
You will send him away, upon your soul there will be no sin.
And now, little maid, cross my palm with silver, and I will give thee advice,
And the word 'don't' will be mentioned twice."
With a little bright dime for advice she paid,

And then the old lady to Ethel said:
"Don't be discouraged, don't be afraid,
Soon you will have a lady's maid."
Then the old lady went her way, left Ethel staring in great surprise,
With a bewildered expression in her big blue eyes.
She watched until the old lady was out of sight,
Then she said to herself, "Can that lady be right?
What foolish things some folks say
To folks they meet upon the way.
What a foolish thing for her to me to say,
Me, a poor girl to have a lady's maid some day.
Cast upon the world, crosses, losses, that is right," said she.
"An iron gate, a rich man's estate, something terrible awaiting me.
If there is something terrible awaiting me what can it be?
The only thing that I can see is hard work for me.
A young man, a coat and cape, no escape; well
I guess that old lady don't know me.
Is it for better or for worse, a blessing or a curse,
Well, I guess I must wait and see.
God was always good to me, so kind,
So what's the use of getting more trouble on one's mind?
I think if everybody does right to everybody they need not fear harm.
What's the use of worrying or jumping around in alarm?
So I guess I won't worry, I have confidence in Him above.
And if all were like me in our hearts for each other we would have only love."
So on her way again she went, her head bowed down in thought,
Thinking of what she had been told and of the advice she had bought.
She said, "Do not be discouraged, do not be afraid,"

Well, I guess I won't, for I have made up my mind to be a lady's maid.
Then she thought of her old mother and tears of joy rolled down her cheek.
And she thought of the money that she could take to her mother every week.
And then soon a high brick wall she spied
And an iron gate high and wide,
And a smaller gate at the side,
Which was wide open as if inviting her to step inside.
She stepped inside the gateway and there stood in great surprise,
When before had she seen this beautiful sight now before her eyes?
Was it imagination, a dream, or had she read of it in some book.
There was the old gate, house and the woods behind,
And the old oak trees along the road, ivy entwined,
Along the driveway, and there is the bridge that spans the brook,
And there the path by the holly bush that leads to the hidden well.
She knew them all, but how she knew them she could not tell.
Her heart fluttered now like a bird's in flight,
As she neared the mansion and met some other familiar sight,
And when she reached the mansion door she trembled with excitement and fear.
She would liked to run away, but something whispered in her ear,
"Go on, go on, have you forgotten that I am near?"
And after some hesitation she knocked upon the door,
Her heart it beat wildly and she trembled all over.
The door was soon opened by a man strangely dressed

With short coat, and short pants and gold buttons on his vest.
But he had an honest face, and he banished her fear,
As he said with a smile, "Good morning, dear,
And have you some message for someone here?
Tell me little girl, please don't be afraid."
She said, "Please, sir, I have come to learn to be a lady's maid."

THE THREE DITCH DIGGERS.

Three men are digging a ditch, it is not because
They need the ditch that they swing the pick and spade,
But because a rich man wants the ditch,
And for digging the ditch they will be paid.
It is a very clumsy way to earn one's bread it is true,
But what will a poor man not do?
They cannot find an easier way to earn their crust,
So get down in the ditch and dig they must;
One of them is a very young man, about eighteen years I would say,
Another about forty, and the other old and gray.
The young man's name is Johnson, the other is Richard Kay,
And the very old man's name is Jonathan Clay.
Three good healthy-looking men with sinews as tough as leather.
Their skins are hard and tanned by exposure to every weather.
They are three honest workingmen, better could not be found in the nation.
A traveler passing that day sat down near by and heard this conversation:
"I don't think it's right for Master Edmond to be chasing after that lass.

Because she don't want him, and besides she is not in his class."
"Class," said the old man, "class did you say?
If she had money she would be in his class, by the way.
Young Ethel is equal to any of them.
She is gentle and more refined than many of them.
Her form is divine, her face is the sweetest I ever saw,
And you can find none more ladylike wherever you go.
Look into her bright blue eyes and see
The reflection of a soul that is pure as can be;
A soul that is pure and bright,
A life that is good, that is bright.
On Ethel's sweet face there is a peaceful, happy glow like on yonder rose.
And, like the rose, she scatters sweet essence of kindness as she goes."
"Good, good," yelled Johnson. "Yes, that's right said Ray.
"Yes, it's good and it's right," said old man Clay.
"She is the sweetest young lady that I have met in many a day,
And if there must be class, money should not pave the way.
I would class them this way:
Not very rich, rich and poor, but sinner, vulgar, pure,
The pure would be at the head of the class,
Be they rich, or be they poor."
"You are right," said Johnson. "Yes, that's right," said Ray.
"Yes, I guess the three of us are right," said old man Clay.
"Say, fellows," said Johnson, as he heaved up some clay,
"How is it Mrs. Bull cannot get girls to stay?
They tell me at the mansion they get good food and good pay.

Then why don't the girls stay, why do they go away?
I see new faces up there every day."
"I will tell you the reason," said Ray.
"But you would learn better if you worked in the mansion but half a day.
If you could get away from there with the good character that you brought
You would be willing to forfeit the pay for which you had wrought.
You say you don't know? Then you will know in good season.
If you will listen I will tell you the reason.
It is because the bulldog howls and growls, as around the mansion it whirls,
Sneaking, peeking, fretting the girls.
Caring not for their health, or future, heeding not their tired groans,
But keeping their noses all day long pointed to the stones;
Eating the flesh from off the poor girls' bones.
What does the she bulldog care for a woman slave?
What does she care if they go to an early grave
If she can make one do the work of two then so much she can save.
If one hundred thousand working girls worked
Themselves into the grave, well, what does she care?
If one hundred thousand dollars she can save, she is well paid,
And she is saving money for a multi-millionaire."
"Of course," continued Ray,
"You cannot blame anyone to get that for which they pay.
She demands all that and more.
The quicker you work, the quicker you may,
But should you stop work to speak, to laugh, or even to pray,
Then she will quickly show you the door.

"Well, that is not right," said Johnson. "No, that is not right," said Clay.
"No, it is not right, but very wrong," said Ray.
"Say, fellows," said Johnson, "did you hear that story not long ago
About the fellow that came out here, Mrs. Bull's beau?
They say he was drunk and carried on so
That he only came when the family was away,
And then it was only to get her pay.
And now that the family is away
We may see a stranger here any day.
They say that he is a sport and only half her age.
They say he married her for money to spend her wage.
One night, I am told, when he was here,
He had her in a terrible state of fear;
He demanded money, and until he got it, would not go.
He swore that she was a murderess and so
If she did not give the money he would go
And swear out a warrant and have her cast
In prison, and expose her wicked past.
But she refused to give so large a sum
For dissipation, for him to spend in rum.
Then in a terrible passion he flew
And the language he used would not be used by I or you.
But I suppose when a fellow drinks his brains away
He does not really know what he does say."
"That is right," said Clay. "It is a terrible state to be in.
It is one of the very worst kinds of sin.
It is a sin against nature, and a sin against
God for a man to drink
Until he is no better than that moulding clod;
Until he is no longer the image and likeness of God."
"That is right," said Johnson; "that is right," said Ray.
"And now tell us what you think of the labor troubles of today."

THE LABOR TROUBLES.

"Well," said the old man, "it is the same old game of the cliques and classes,
They put their cash and strength together to buy, to sell, to rob, and wrong the masses.
It is the same old case, if you are rich, you are right,
If you are poor you are wrong.
The poor weak, the rich strong,
The richer you are the more liberties, the poorer the fewer.
The blackest of all crimes is the crime of being poor,
And what better can we expect, what do we deserve,
We will not stand together our rights to preserve.
If we, the people, the common citizens of the United States, could only see our power,
Our greatness, if we stood together we could right all our wrongs in just one hour.
If we, the people of this beautiful country, wish again to be free,
We must brush the politicians' dust from our eyes and see
That with good solid votes on election day
We brush all politicians, trusts, cliques and classes away.
Let us have the courage of freemen when into the booth we go,
After choosing good men from amongst us, men that we know,
Men like ourselves, that work every day, that are honest and true,
Just good common citizens like I or you,
That work honestly for their bread like Lincoln used to do.
Why should we sell ourselves to men like Mark, or Tom, or Dick?
Why should we give our liberty and rights to them to sell to trusts, to class, to cliques?

They come to us with their glad hands extended,
And they tell us that everything soon will be mended,
And they buy our votes for a smile, a worthless promise or a drink,
And we, poor fools, believe them, we do not think
Until long after election day, then we can see that we have sold our vote to politicians and that they sold it to trusts, cliques and classes; long before election day they cut our throats.
They sold our votes, they sold us, they got the dough, the beans, the boodle,
They sold us like they would sell a ton of coal,
A load of wood, a mangy poodle.
And so it continues year after year,
Political bees buzz beautiful lies into our ears.
They are honest men they say, they will get for us all our rights and more,
But after election day is o'er, we find they are
Greater liars and thieves than the liars and thieves that went before."
"That is truth, that is truth," said Johnson. "Yes, that is certainly the truth," said Ray.
"And I would vote for a chap like you, old man, any day."
"And," continued Ray, "tell us what you think of the Sunday closing?
Don't you think that on the poor they are imposing?
If on Sunday I cannot buy a piece of meat,
And other things we and our families wish to drink or eat,
And if we cannot have a clean face on Sunday,
If we cannot buy a shave,
The poor man will certainly rip and rave.
They are not going the right way his soul to save.
It seems to me they oppress the poor whenever they can.

Anything or nothing is good enough for the poor man.
Instead of drawing the poor to church they are driving
him farther away,
And now, old chap, let us know what you have to say."

SUNDAY CLOSING, ETC.

"I believe," said the old man, "the church folks are going
to cause a big row.
They have had that law passed to have the stores closed
on Sunday now.
If you are starving you cannot buy a loaf of bread,
No fresh meat, or milk for baby, it is said.
If this is so, what will we do anyway?
Do the church-folks think that by preventing us from
getting food on Sunday
That we will go without and live on prayer that day,
Or do they think that we should stop eating and give to
the church our little pay?
Do the church-folks and the rich ever think
That we, like themselves, must eat and drink,
Or do they take pleasure in making the poor man swear
On a Sunday, when he might be saying a prayer?
Sunday is our day of rest,
'Twas given to us by Him that knows best,
To rest and pray, to sleep and play,
And it is none of my neighor's business if I play or pray.
If my neighbor does not annoy or interfere with me he
may do as he may,
I will spend my Sunday as I always spent that day.
My neighbor has no right to take my liberty away;
He has no right to deprive me of food or drink that day.
If they enforce that law, which I am sure they will try
to do,

It will come very hard on the poor like I or you.
It is all very well for they that have plenty in store,
But what can the poor do that have no store,
No ice, or even a cellar under the floor?
The rich man to the clergyman bowed consent to have this wicked law passed.
It will not deprive the rich, it is only more oppression upon the poor to cast.
Only the poor must suffer, we are getting used to suffer now,
What do they care for the poor, anyhow.
The common man that swings the pick, the ax, or steers the plow,
The only man that is an honest man, the man that earns his bread by the sweat of his brow.
The cliques and classes, the rich, the well-to-do,
Are they God's own people, His chosen few?
What man or woman has the right to point their fingers at me and say,
Thou shalt not eat this, or drink that on some certain day?
If Christ was here today what would He say?
When Christ was on the earth did He ever to any of His followers say,
Thou shalt not buy, sell, eat, or drink some certain solid or liquid food on some certain day,
When Christ had foods or drink to give away,
Did He stop giving on Sunday or forbid the people to eat meat or drink wine or any other liquid food on that day?
Did not Christ turn water into wine, and did He not drink of the same?
Then why, tell me, why do these false Christians
Oppress the poor and prate the wicked lies in Christ's name?
Who is to blame for all this? Who is to blame?

You will answer me not?
Then I will tell you. We are to blame for listening to such rot,
Such lies, to which an intelligent man cannot nod.
Lies, lies, and they are spoken in the name of God.
We see and we read every day about cliques and classes
Conjuring, combining, dining and wining, plotting and scheming night and day
To wrong and to rob the masses.
To take more of our liberty and rights away,
To make us more humble, to make us more poor, to make us live on smaller pay,
And to prevent us from getting food on some certain day.
And they succeed, for our liberties grow fewer,
And every year we find we get more poor.
They are organized, banded together, the classes, the trusts, the church,
While we, poor fools, remain unorganized, we are wronged, robbed and left in the lurch.
The church-folk, the trusts, classes and cliques,
Are banded together, they the politicians can fix.
They can buy the people that make the laws,
They can have anything they may wish,
And we poor fools are their slaves, their tools, we may go and fish."
"That's right," said Johnson, "what you say is very true,
But if it wasn't for the church folks what would we do?
We must have some one to think for us, to keep us in the right way.
If we are left to think for ourselves, the devil will get us some day,
And I believe if anyone should drink whiskey, beer, or ale,
They should be arrested for the remainder of their life and kept in jail."

"Oh! that would not be right," said Ray.
"It would not be right," said old man Clay.
"Because all of us drink. Sometimes I drink something every day.
I am not a drunkard, as you boys know; I was only drunk once in my life,
And that was after the war, when we were disbanded and at liberty to go to family or wife.
For more than a year I had been sick from eating food that was improperly cooked,
And I thought then that I for the graveyard was booked.
I was very sick and weary, I could scarcely walk.
I dare not eat, I could not sleep, and I would lose my temper when I'd talk.
I was very glad when the news came down that we were to fight no more;
I had fought in many battles, I could count them by the score.
Then I thought that my fighting days were over.
We started homeward, all light hearted, except a few like me,
That were wounded or sick, or sore, it was sad to see.
Good strong healthy men were we, before into the fight we went,
Now we return to our families wounded and sick, our bodies disfigured and bent,
Slowly along the floor we crept, every step brought us nearer home,
And after I vowed as I eased up my load never again to roam,
Until one afternoon, I remember it well,
From weakness by the roadside I fell,
And I am very sure I would have died that day
Had not a rebel's wife passed that way.
She saw the condition that I was in,

And to let me die there she knew it would be a sin.
With some neighbors' help, to her cabin she took me,
And laying upon a bed her wounded husband I could see.
He had been in the fight, and was wounded, but the bullet had not turned his heart, for when he saw me he said,
"My, that poor chap is nearly dead.
Give him a drink of the old remedy, and give it to him right smart,
And give him some of the chicken soup that is cooking for you and me,
For if there is enough for two there is enough for three.
That will bring him to, I know,
It will give him strength and in a day or so,
He will be able to travel back to his family."
The good wife gave me a drink in a glass full to the brim.
A liquid of golden color I could see, though my sight was dim.
I could feel it cold, as the glass my fingers did touch.
It looked so strong, I felt so weak, I was afraid it would be too much.
And when I drank it down it gave to me a great surprise,
It burned my throat, it took my breath away;
I really thought I was poisoned that day.
As big tears rolled down from my eyes,
As I coughed and sneezed,
Sputtered and weased,
I was sure that I would die.
The good folks looked on; it was a joke.
Then I knew when the good wife spoke
That I was not poisoned, and by that would not die.
She said, "Perhaps the stranger does not take his liquor that way."
"That may be so," said the good man, "but I believe the liquor went down the wrong way."

I could feel that liquor going down to my toes,
Warming and soothing as it goes,
It was like some electric fluid throwing out heat,
Sparkling through my shriveled veins down to my feet,
Then back again to my brain.
There it hummed, it stilled the pain.
Then another drink and something to eat,
And then I could stand upon my feet,
And when supper was o'er, and things put away,
I thanked the good couple for their kindness that day.
I would have started again on my way that night,
For I felt as strong as when I first went out to fight,
But the good couple insisted that I should stay
With them at least till the break of day.
And I was soon convinced that it would be best
To stay that night and take the rest.
So I sat myself down by the wounded rebel's bed,
And we talked of the war in which we both had bled.
We both were sure that neither side was right,
We both were sorry that we had to fight,
And we hoped like brothers we would live from that night.
We talked of everything of interest, of which we could think,
And occasionally the good wife would pass another drink,
Until I got sleepy and commenced to wink,
And wobble in my chair, yawn and blink,
So I bid them good-night and hobbled to bed.
My head fell upon the pillow just like it was lead,
And that night I slept as sound as a man that is dead
Until the break of day, when I awoke,
With a terrible thirst, I thought I would choke
And my head ached like my skull was broke.
In looking around for a drink I made some noise,
And this awakened the good wife and she did arise,

And she gave me a drink that she said would open my eyes,
It did open my eyes and also my stomach,
And it was no fun the way I had to run
And trying to keep it back.
When I got outside it all came up and, oh, what a feeling;
I thought I should turn inside out now standing and now kneeling.
Humping, bumping, twisting about,
Until my stomach was empty, all was out.
I coughed and sneezed and strained, some more and then I rested for a while,
And when I looked down at the floor,
I was much surprised to see the boil such before I had never seen.
I had not eaten anything of that color for a long time, it was green,
I looked around and soon I found that which I did seek;
Good clear water, fresh and cold, a little way down the creek.
And then with a pail
That water I did bail,
For I felt like one that had been for a hundred years dead,
And buried deep down in the clay,
And just dug up again that day.
I felt better after the first pail and very much better after the last.
I would have stayed longer,
For after every pail I felt brighter and stronger,
Had the good wife not called me to breakfast.
I went into the house and sat down at the table,
The good man's wife was smiling.
There were good things to eat if I was able.
The coffee it was boiling,
She poured me a cup and put some liquor in it,

And after I drank it I felt good in a minute.
And after breakfast was o'er I thanked that man and wife,
I told them that I would remember them all my life;
And that if ever I was rich enough, if that day I ever see,
I would come back and repay them for their kindness to me.
But the good folks told me not to think of pay,
As they had only done what they would do for anyone needing that should pass that way,
So I thanked them again and started on my way,
A stronger, a wiser, and a better man that day;
And in a few days I was home again with my dear wife,
And when I told her that whiskey had saved my life,
She looked at me with a very knowing smile;
And then my good wife said:
"Jonathan, dear, for your knowledge you have paid,
Whiskey is one of our best medicines, it comes after castor oil."
And since that day, boys, I have never been sick,
I can work as good as the youngest and my step is as quick.
Look at me, am I not strong? Am I not straight as a stick?
Is it not better to be living though I must work like a mule
Than to be lying in the clay a dead fool?
I am healthy and strong and the reason is, I drink.
I eat only when I am hungry, and when I am dry I drink;
I do not eat and drink certain foods that others have prescribed for me.
I eat and drink what is best for me.
And as long as I live, if I live a thousand years,
If I am milk dry, I drink milk, or if I want whiskey, wine or beer,
If I can buy it I will drink it; I have no baby fears.

I do not live my neighbor's life.
I must live my own life.
I do what I think is best for myself, my children, and my wife.
Often a drink of whiskey has saved my life, I know,
When I have been chilled by rain or by snow.
Then home to my good wife I go, and into bed I get,
A good hot drink, some whiskey in, this brings on a sweat,
And in the morning I am all right again.
Without an ache, without a pain,
And to my work I can get.
And, again, often in the summer time a drink of beer has done me good.
It has toned up my tired body and cooled my blood.
On a summer's eve when my daily task was done and tramping homeward to children and wife,
Often when my footsteps are slow and my body is bending low I feel as if a drink of beer would save my life.
Then who has a right to say to me, in this, the land of the free,
'Thou shalt not drink beer, or any other stimulant; drink water, coffee or tea.
Good uncooked, germ-laden water is good enough for thee.'
Yes, oh yes, anything is good enough for the man that must labor,
Anything is right that makes life harder for our poorer neighbor;
Anything is good enough for the poor they may think,
Who should know better than I,
What is best for me to drink when I am dry?
I will ask them not what I shall drink,
And I care not what they may think.
When I am hungry I will eat,
And when I am dry I will drink.

They may take my rights away,
The rights to buy, or to sell, or to drink,
But there is one right that I will hold
Until I lay dead and cold
And buried beneath the clay,
And that is the right to think.
We all know that there are lunatics amongst us and every day more seed is sown.
They are like the weeds amongst the grass on yonder beautiful lawn,
And like the weeds they cast their seeds and when the wind does blow,
It carries the seeds of the plague breeds to the mountain tops, and to the swamps below.
There they take root and more weeds do grow,
And because weeds grow amongst the grass should we the lawn destroy?
Because weeds grow amongst the grass and they us annoy?
And to kill the weeds should we kill all the grass?
Would it be right to do that, would it be sane?
Or to put up a cover over the beautiful lawn to keep off the dew and the nourishing rain?
Or would it be better to pick out the weeds and put them where they would never annoy us again?
I often wonder if it pleases some to make the poor man swear
On a Sunday when he might be thanking God in saying prayer,
Like it used to be when I was a boy on the Sabbath day.
The only day the poor man has to dine with his family.
When he would have his small joint of beef steaming on the dish,
His little soup and vegetables, all he and his family wish,
That family would go to dinner beaming with good cheer.

And if they wished they could buy some good fresh beer
To wash their dinner down and add more good cheer.
Every little toddle, Alice, Jane, Jim and Tom,
Would have their own little cup to drink their beer from.
Each one had their own chair, each one their own place.
Father, mother and every child would have a smile upon their face,
And with thankful hearts they would bow their head to God and pray,
Thanking Him for the good things He had given them that day.
And the great pleasure the parents would feel as they see their little ones eat with zest
Of the good things that they all like best.
And after dinner another prayer they would say,
And the little ones would wish Sunday would come every day
So that they could have a good dinner and father home with them could stay."
"Well, you might be right," said Johnson. "He is right," said Ray.
"I am right," said the old man, "and what is more,
I am ready to fight for my liberty as I fought for others before.
But what can I do, one man alone? I may grin and bear it, or bemoan.
We are fifty millions of people, ruled by a few.
We are robbed and wronged, yet what can we do?
Fifty millions of people feel this oppression as do I,
And yet we will not stand up and shake it off, or try,
Whilst a few hundred meat choppers in a city near by unite
And buy politicians to rob the people of their greatest delight,
Took from them the right to buy their little piece of meat,

Deprived them of their Sunday dinner that used to smell so sweet.
On a Sunday at noon, when you passed by the door
You could smell it cooking in every house in the poorest of the poor.
For on that day the family might unite for a while,
After six days of trouble, of hardships, of toil.
They would eat a good dinner fresh from the pot.
Sunday was the only day they could get their dinner hot.
And as they ate they would offer thanks to heaven,
Thank God for the dinner and one resting day in seven.
And now what can we do if they take this pleasure away?
Would they have us turn that day into a day of blasphemy?
If the narrow-minded bigots knew or cared.
If they lived amongst the people and their conversation heard.
Back to their homes of plenty they would go
And thank God for what they had.
They might say they did not know
That the poor people suffered so.
They did not think they made them feel so bad,
But they would never have the courage to ask the people for forgiveness,
But they would go back to their homes and try to mind their own business."

HOW THE PEOPLE SELL THEIR LIBERTY.

The cliques, the few, they stand together, they buy us, and sell us,
And if we complain they will very soon tell us,
Abide by the law; if you break the law you commit a crime,
The people voted for this law at election time.
And we are the people, we the poor, ignorant fools,

We let the politicians fool us, we are their simple tools.
The Republicans, they come out, they holler and yell,
"The Democrats are running the country and driving us
all to hell!
Vote the straight Republican ticket and all will be well!"
Then self-named Democrats to beat their rivals will try.
Then the bands will play and fireworks fly.
Then the machines, like devil-fish, spread out their feelers,
Send out their boodlers, their loafers, their heelers,
They get the boodle from trusts and stealers,
From all that wish to have a right to rob.
And all who are able to buy a fat political job
Must put up the boodle now, and yell and march with
the mob.
Hundreds of thousands of dollars, bribe money, boodle,
spoil,
Will be spent to buy the votes of the men of toil.
The cities and towns just before Election Day
Will be decorated, illuminated, and gayly the bands will
play.
The saloons now do a rushing trade,
The heelers pay, for this they are paid,
They will win us with their smile and lie,
They have boodle to blow, to buy you and I.
It is easy to find them then, with their smiling faces and
glad hand,
You will see them scatter money around, like it was sand.
They get us excited with their glitter and glare,
They promise what is right, what is square.
And we, poor fools, are led astray,
We believe all that the thieves do say,
And go marching like soldiers, brave and grand,
To the music of the politician's band.
But the politician rides in his carriage so gay,
Like Kings that have fortunes to give away.

As his heelers hustle, as his loafers prate,
We, by our selfish own knavery,
Forget the chain of fate
That holds us down in slavery.
The Republicans tell us how bad Democrats are.
They say it would be better to deal with the devil, far,
For they are robbers, and thieves, and with the devil they are on a par.
Then we will hear the Democrats say: "People, don't be led astray,
Vote the straight Democratic ticket on Election Day.
If you vote the Republican you vote for a trust,
They will rob you and your children of your crust."
This is what the politicians tell us before Election Day,
And we know if we vote for either we give our rights away.
But what can we do, we are in a sad fix,
One is as bad as the other, both are rotten sticks.
One we know stands for Ice Trust and Vice Trust,
And the other stands for any clique or trust.
We cannot vote for the Vice Trust, the hungry weasels,
We vote for the other trusts, what we think is the best of the two evils.
And our vote is cast,
Election Day is passed.
The Republican flag we have nailed to the mast.
The trusts are in power, but what could we do?
We must vote for one of the two.
And soon the trusts get hustling, also every clique and class,
Scheming to make new laws, bribing to have them passed.
Their slippery men get busy, they can easily be found
In every lobby, pushing boodle around.
At any time the machines that make the laws
Should stop working for them or go slow,

Then the lobbyist will apply a little boodle grease
To keep them in line, to fix them, or to have them hold their peace.
And now we find, every day, every hour,
New laws are being made by those in power.
But no laws are made to benefit us, of this we are sure;
They never make laws to benefit the poor.
They are made to benefit the rich, to rob us, or to make our liberties fewer.
The trusts put the prices of food-stuffs higher,
And coal is so dear we cannot have a fire.
The churchfolks have closed the stores, we cannot even buy a shave,
We cannot buy bread, a piece of meat, or a drink if it would save us from the grave.
And this is what we voted for to give up every right,
To make us poor poorer, and our children's future to blight.
They are making laws for the rich and the well-to-do,
Good liberal laws for the chosen few.
But there are only cruel blue laws for the common man like I and you.
This is not a romance, proofs are ample,
Listen for a minute and I will give you a sample.
If a rich man and a poor man should commit some shocking crime,
Commit murder, and both are brought to court at the same time;
If the rich man is rich enough, for a little time he will be detained in Sing Sing
But the poor man, he will get justice, he will die
In the chair or at the end of a rope into eternity swing.
And do the people that make the laws ever think, that in the near future there will be a reckoning day.
The people of the United States will rise up and sweep

Them and all the accursed laws away.
Then what will happen then, when the people rise up in their might?
When the word does pass from lip to lip,
The telephone buzz, the telegraph wires click, click, the signal to fight.
When the common man jumps out to fight for liberty and for what is his by right.
Then the slimy politicians, the robbers, and thieves will scream in fright,
For then they will know their sins, their crimes,
And the punishment for the same that night.
And all blood-suckers then will be willing to give back all their blood-stained gold for flight.
But then it will be too late to flee, too late to repent.
When the earth vibrates and quakes, the sky
With flying fragments and deafening sounds is rent.
When the beautiful political buildings are skyward sent,
When terrible booming sounds will be heard from sea to sea.
And from end to end of our beautiful country
As structures from their foundations are torn
And scattered broadcast before the light of morn.
There will be no escape for the guilty then, every man will know his neighbor.
The guilty will get justice from the men they wronged,
From the common citizen, he that must labor.
When the signal comes every man will rush out,
And the yells from a million throats will shake the sky,
Every man armed to the teeth, every man ready to die.
Every poor man then will have fat to fry.

THE POWER OF HALF A HUNDRED MILLION VOTES.

"Oh, let us pray to God that this we may never see.
Let us try by peaceful means to regain our liberty.
Let us try patiently and faithfully.
Let us unite, let us be strong
And cast off the cruel thongs
That cut to the bone, that make us curse when we might pray
That make us curse and groan.
That harden our hearts like stone.
That hold us in bondage, in slavery,
And thereby show our true bravery.
Let us try the easiest way, the best,
The power of gold has been put to the test.
But the power of men, united, the power of half a hundred million votes,
With them our wrongs will soon be righted.
Our children's future will be brighter, though ours be blighted.
They will free us from the gluttons' claws
That are tearing out our throats,
That are crushing out our manhood,
That are drying up our blood.
That fill our minds with wicked thoughts
When they might harbor only good.
Then, comrades, when we have cast the fetters away,
Then, and not until then, can we say,
The people are ruled by the people, every man that has a vote has a voice.
The people can choose their president, their senators; every man can vote for his choice.
Peace and prosperity for the people awaits.
All our wrongs are righted.

The people are united.
This is the United States."
"Hurrah! Hurrah! You are a brave old chap," said Ray.
"I am delighted
To know a man like you and hear you say stand together,
be united.
Every honest man does know that which you say is true,
And if we had more men as honest and brave as you
All our wrongs would soon be righted."
"Well, perhaps he is right," said Johnson, "and perhaps
he is not,
But that kind of preaching our Sunday School teacher
would say is rot,
For the Good Book says we should rest on the seventh
day,
And we have no right to doubt what the book does say.
It was written by wise men, a thousand years ago,
They knew what was best for us, they were not slow.
On a Sunday I could live on ice cream and candy,
You should see me in my best clothes, I am a dandy,
With my gloves and cane, when the girls I go to meet,
And I tell you, fellows, the girls on me are very sweet.
What do I care that day if I never get anything to eat."
"But suppose," said Ray, "that they should close the
candy stores on that day, then what would you
do?"
"Suppose they did," said Johnson, "then they would
have to close the churches, too.
But they will never do that, if they do, I will tell you
plain,
The temperance societies would have their senators open
them again."
"That is right," said old man Clay.
"Yes, that is right," said Ray.
"And," continued Ray, "tell me, if you can,

Why we, the people, the comman man,
Are not allowed to buy on the same day?
Are we not all equal, then why should we not all have
the same liberties?"

EAT YOUR OWN FLESH AND BONE.

"I cannot blame the young man," said old man Clay,
"for once I was young.
The song that he sings today, I have sung,
And when I got older and had to fight my battle,
I got many wounds and accustomed to the rattle,
And to sudden shocks, joys and sorrows,
Which makes me look over today and at tomorrow.
When your blood is young and your body strong,
And you have climbed to the brow of the hill of life, then
gaily you trip along,
You care not for tomorrow, nor for troubles or strife,
Life is like a dream, a sweet song.
Then a frivolous thought, as through your brain it goes
will make your heart quicken its beats.
The blood through your body quicker flows until your
body is near the fever heat,
And you cannot control your restless feet.
At this stage of life you might borrow a day,
Eat your own flesh and bone.
Borrow from your future, but dearly will you pay,
When under the weight of your folly you groan.
And when you are old, and you have climbed the hill,
And down the other side fast you are sliding,
Your footsteps are slow, they answer not your will,
And rapidly to the bottom you are gliding.
Then hold on to life a few days longer,
To hold your strength as long as you can.
If you eat less bulk, you must eat foods stronger.

And now this advice I will give you, young man,
If you wish to live long,
To be happy, to be healthy and strong,
Eat and drink if you can,
Eat only when you are hungry, drink when dry,
Who but a fool would say,
'Thou shalt not eat or drink this day,
Wait until tomorrow, and then, if you wish, you may,
For this is the Sabbath day.'
I do not blame societies to get good laws if they can,
But I do blame them for taking the liberties away from their fellow-men.
You can perhaps live upon candy and soda water sweet,
But I must have stronger food, I must have meat.
And anything else I wish to eat or drink, and if I have cash to pay,
I will buy, eat and drink, I care not what your laws may say."
"Oh, I guess you are right, old man, I guess you are right,
No matter what an old man like you would say, with you I will not fight.
I personally do believe it is wrong to treat the poor man this way,
To deprive him of necessities of life, to take his liberties away.
Then to you again I will give advice,
Stand not with clique or clan
That make good laws for themselves
And cruel laws for the other man."
"Well, that is good advice," said Johnson.
"It is good advice," said Ray.
"Stand together, workingmen, and we'll sweep all their laws away."
"And now, old chap," said Ray,

"You read the papers every day,
Tell us what you think about men that give colleges and libraries away,
Are they not putting their names in the book of fame this way?"

THE MEN THAT GIVE LIBRARIES AWAY.

"Their names are already in the book of fame.
They will be remembered if they never give anything away.
And they need not have their names carved in the stone or written in gold,
Large and bold
Across the front of some beautiful pile.
They need not say that the money that paid for this left widows and orphans hungry and alone,
Nor need they say the money was stolen from man that for bread must toil,
Nor need they write in blood so that all who pass can read
I paid for this, I have more money than I need,
I get the money by shedding the blood of my fellow man to satisfy my greed.
They will be remembered as long as man has the use of his brain,
And particularly by the children, of the children of the men that were slain.
It would have been better for all concerned,
Had they given it to the men as it they earned,
To the man who labored for them day after day,
That gave their strength, their life,
That were compelled to labor for starvation pay,
That received only a few cents per day.
Not enough to buy proper food for themselves, and their children and wife,

And when these men turned out to try to get their own,
By peaceful means, a share of the meat that was on the bone,
They were slain in cold blood, men fell on every hand,
They were shot in the back by an assassin band.
They need not say who was to blame for this, who hired the assassins, who gave the command
To shed the blood of man, that without warning into eternity was hurled,
That widowed poor wives, pauperized children and shocked the civilized world.
Oh, yes, they will be remembered not so much by what they give away,
As by their deeds, the innocent blood they shed, when innocent men they did slay.
The common people do not want their gold until by fire it has been cleaned,
The fire must burn the stains away, and then when the gold from the dust is screened,
When the ashes are cold,
Then the people will make a better mold.
Then widows and orphans for bread need never cry,
When the smoke has cleared they will see a brighter sky,
On the gold the stain of blood they will not see again, nor the tears the orphans shed.
But this will always live in their brain,
They may forget their sorrow and their pain,
But they can never forget that their father is dead,
That went out to fight for them some bread,
And was murdered and brought back to them dead.
The newspaper men and the poor rich men do say,
It is the best thing they can do, to give libraries and colleges away.
And so it is, I say, and as every poor man is aware,
The poor man has no use for them, he nor his cannot

go there.
The poor man's child must get his books and his education elsewhere.
They may give it to the poor rich, give it to the cliques and classes.
They will not give it to men they stole it from, the people, the impoverished masses.
It would be better for the people and for the multi-millionaires,
And for their offspring, their heirs,
If the thieves would go to some far off land,
And spend the remainder of their lives in atonement and prayer,
And give the money back to the rightful owners,
If with it they would do some good.
But let them not know the giver, let them not know that it is stained with blood.
They might keep enough to support themselves,
And there try to live better lives.
And give the remainder back to the owners, to the orphans and the dead men's wives.
But this they will never do, I know, their greed they cannot control.
If they had half the wealth of the world they would want more, they would try to grasp it all.
And thus it will continue until the reckoning day.
Then for their greed, their wrong doing they will pay.
For then they and their ill-gotten wealth will be swept away
Before the dawn of the brighter day."
"That is right," said Johnson, "and I will tell you, old man,
If I was twenty-one and a good Republican,
And you would take the office of president, governor or mayor,

We, the people, would vote for you, we would put you there.
Because we know you would treat everybody right,
And be satisfied with the salary the office paid.
Because you could not be bribed, because you are not afraid,
And because you would be just to all, and for the people always ready to fight."
"That is right, that is right," said Ray.
"Hurrah for the people, and another hurrah for the dawn of the brighter day,
We want men that are honest and right,
Men that are true men, men that will fight,
For the people night and day."

WHEN THE PEOPLE ARE RULED BY THE PEOPLE.

"You are very kind, Johnson," said the old man.
"But I could not take the office, for I am not a Republican, although bitterly I have voted that way, for what else could I do?
I must vote for either one of the two.
The Republicans put up men that I thought would treat us like brothers,
But I found that most of them were not better but worse than the others.
They did not take the office for honor, nor for what the office did pay,
But to rob the people, to barter their rights away.
They did not consider the people for one minute.
They were in office for all that was in it."
"Old man," said Johnson, "you should be careful what you say,
You should not talk about the Republicans in that way,
Because some one might ask for proofs, then what could

you say?"
"This," said old man Clay,
"Are a few of the thousand things I might say.
Who bartered the people's property away?
Did all corporations for purchases the full value pay?
Or do they to State, City or Town their full taxes pay?
To these three questions I will say they did not, they do not and they will not.
And if I was mayor of yonder great city for one year,
Crooks, thieves and wrong-doers might tremble in fear.
Bribes and bribe-takers would pay dear.
They would go behind bars for more than one year.
All that held a purchase and to the city the full value did not pay,
Or if the taxes and dues were not paid up to today,
From them that purchase I would take away,
If the people paid me to do some work I would do it just as faithfully as I would for you.
I would do the work honestly, to the people I would be true."
"We know that you would do what's right," said Johnson. "He certainly would," said Ray.
"But tell us," said Johnson, "how could we get books to read
If it were not for them that wrong us and rob us, to satisfy their greed.
Then there would be nobody giving libraries away."
"There would not, Johnson," said Ray.
"There would be nobody to give millions away,
If it was not for those whose God is gold,
That rob widows and orphans, and cast them into the cold,
That take from the poor their money, their homes, and every stitch,
And then when they get old,

They know not what to do with so much gold,
So they give colleges and libraries to the poor rich."
"They would not," said old man Clay,
"But the people do not ask them to give anything away.
I will tell you how the government could supply us all,
Every city, every town, every village, large or small,
In every district there is a building, U. S. P. O. are the letters it does bear.
These buildings are owned or rented by the people,
You and I in these have a share,
Then why cannot the people have their libraries there?
When the people are ruled by the people and not by a clique,
Then they will get what they want and get it quick.
When the people take the reins into their own hands,
Then we will have colleges and libraries all over our land.
Then the people will get justice, the common man will be treated fair,
And in every Post Office throughout the land there will be a library there.
And no one need go begging to some thieving millionaire.
And another thing I would speak about, and that is our country's debt.
We are paying money to cliques, that the people should have a chance to get.
Our bonds, like five dollar bills, at the Post Office should be sold.
So that the people could buy them and the same hold
As security for their little gold.
And the Post Office the people's bank should be;
Uncle Sam should save our cash.
Then there would be no danger of the people's bank going to smash.
And another thing Uncle Sam might do, and that is to lend to his people money,

You may laugh, young man, but there is nothing in this
that I see funny.
If you, a citizen, struggling for bread for self, for wife,
and little ones,
Owned a piece of land, Uncle Sam could loan the value
of this at the interest he gets for bonds."
"But," said Johnson, "suppose a man borrowed money
and then with it from the country should skip?"
"Well," said the old man, "he would leave the land be-
hind, also his citizenship.
If there should be a man so foolish or so flim
He may go, the country does not want him."
"Well," said Johnson, "you are an oracle." "He is a
great old man," said Ray.
And I hope he will be working for the people at Wash-
ington some day."
"You are a great old man," said Johnson, "you are
wise, and you are just,
But I have a question that will puzzle you, give it up,
you must.
How could the people be honest to all and curb a trust?"
"That would be easy," said the old man, "as easy as
cutting a pie.
And the people will do it when they take hold, bye and
bye."

HOW TO CURB THE TRUSTS, ETC.

When the people put men in office these men must earn
their pay,
They will be willing to do an honest day's work for an
honest day's pay.
Then we will have only good laws, and all the laws we
must obey.
Then to curb a trust.

And all will be just.
If you will listen to what I say,
I will tell you the way.
Billionaire syndicates, trusts and corporations of every kind
Are all struggling to get more wealth.
And in the struggle they forgot God, they forgot their health.
All are fighting to get more, and the last penny from the poor they grind.
We must have a law that does say
It is unlawful to profit more than ten per cent.
On money invested or on moneys we may invest,
Then the bloodsuckers will try to find a way
To overcome this, or to brush it away.
When they find that they are out of a job,
When we take away their right to rob,
They will scheme, they will bribe, they will protest
But the laws will be enforced and they must obey.
The government will collect and they must pay.
And when they find they have an honest government
Crooks may mend their ways.
When they learn that honesty pays
Then for one day's work we will get one day's pay.
Then to earn one day's pay
We need not work a night and a day.
For house rents and ground rents, we will have less to pay.
Then we can feed and clothe ourselves and put a dollar away,
Provide, and be ready for a rainy day.
With all this money collected, Uncle Sam will have a pile,
And I am sure it will make our Uncle smile,
For with the money his fighting men good wages he can pay,
And a new battleship he can buy every day

Then if he should speak, the landgrabbers will heed what
he does say,
He need not worry about the Monroe Doctrine, foreigners
will keep away,
And with his great battleships he can police every sea,
Prevent crime in every clime, help the oppressed them-
selves to free.
Our citizens then will be respected,
For they will be protected,
And in all the markets of the world we will hold sway.
The people's government will also make a law to stop the
greedy from getting over-rich.
They will make a law that will say,
Any person who has over one million dollars in cash or
value,
All over said amount to the government must pay.
The government will know what everybody owns, every
cent, every stitch,
And should any person neglect to pay,
Uncle Sam will collect twice the amount due, or three
times the amount in value take away.
But all this cannot be done until freedom again we win.
Until, with the sword of justice, we prick the sin,
The rotting boil, and let the corruption flow,
The rotten or proud flesh must be burnt or buried low.
And if the corruption does not freely flow,
Then deeper the sword of justice must go.
And the sword must stay in the wound,
Until bribery is dead, and honesty sets in his place,
For it is better to have a clean scar, than a rotting cancer
upon our beautiful country's face.
Anything would be better than a rotting cancer, nothing
could be worse,
For it is poisoning the blood of our people. it is a con-
tagious plague, a curse.

Time the bloody scar will soon efface.
And when the corrupted monster down to hell we have hurled,
Then we can hold our heads up high and show to the world
A clean, healthy and honest face,
In which the world can read
Honesty, industry, a sober, intelligent breed, a nobler race."
"Good, good, old man," said Ray, "you're the wisest man in all our land.
It is the truth, every word you say, shake with me, give me your hand.
It is a pleasure to know a man like you, your knowledge does surprise.
And now tell us how did you learn so much?
How did you become so wise?"
"Well," said the old man, "I am only a common man like you.
My little knowledge should not surprise,
As the world I traveled through, I looked with my eyes."
"You are a great, wise man," said Johnson.
"You must be a college teacher."
"He is a great wise man," said Ray,
"But he is too far ahead of the people of today to be a popular religious preacher."
"And now, perhaps, you will tell us," said Johnson, "what you call cliques and classes,
Them you spoke about a while ago, that wrong and crush the masses."
"I will tell you," said the old man.
"I will explain the best I can.
But do you not know just as well as I do,
At their meetings have I not seen you?
Drinking their coffee, and eating their cake and cream,

Listening to them holler and scream.
And to them back-biting, fighting and praying,
And to small-minded men who would have the ladies think them great,
Men that are short of more than one slate.
Men that don't care what they say!"
"Oh, yes," said Johnson, "I have been to those meetings, and I will go again.
To listen to the old maids, and the fussy men, gives me a pain.
But then at the pretty girls we can stare,
As we sing a hymn or join in a prayer.
I go to mash some pretty girl there.
We folks don't mind what the old fogies say.
We go for the fun, and to make dates for some other day.
And now as the truth to you I have given away,
I would like to hear what you have to say."
"Yes," said Ray, "tell us what you think of the narrow-brained asses,
Who have good laws made for themselves and cruel laws for the masses."
"Very well," said the old man, as his pick flew up and down steady as an engine piston,
"If you would like to hear what I have to say, then listen."

CLIQUES AGAINST THE MASSES.

And as he picked away,
This old man did say:
"When giggling maids, laughing jades,
And prating men with woman's brains,
Men that are paid,
Men that are afraid,
And men that follow the feather for a gain, when these

congregate,
They jaw and prate,
And sometimes they pray,
They talk about their neighbor,
About the man that must labor,
And show their hate for all who do not believe as they.
Their conversation always turns
To the thought that in their narrow minds constantly burns.
That thought is this, how best can they
Take more of the workingman's liberty away.
And after they have drank their coffee and told
All they know about their neighbor,
There are only two things they can talk about now,
And they are the weather, and the man that must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.
And when the conversation down to this does taper,
Some woman, man, or miss will arise to address them, to read a paper.
And nine times out of ten,
The speakers are womenmen,
And he is as a rule,
A small bit of a man,
But not a fool.
He knows what he is about.
It pays him to stand before his lady friends and spout.
And the little spouter with his sweetest smile upon his face,
Will bow and smile at every lady in the place.
And if he should catch the eye of any of the other men, the expression in his eyes does say,
Look at me, I am the man to be admired by the ladies today.
And if there should be some that do not look the little man's way,

He will cough ahem, ahem, and that cough does plainly say,
I am a man of very much importance, please look this way.
And after more smiling and scraping he will commence to talk.
If you could see him from a distance you might think he was doing a cakewalk, or giving a funny song and dance.
By the way he does gesture, smile, scrape and prance.
The speaker knows the audience, and the audience knows the speakers, too.
The few things that are of importance to them.
The speaker, be it either woman, man, or miss,
Does always start something like this:
'Ladies and Gentlemen, I arise on this occasion (with a big O before the C),
And it is the greatest pleasure in the world to me
To offer for your consideration
A few of the greatest thoughts of today.
It is not because I have written them that I say
That they are the greatest thoughts that have been written, or can be written after today.
To some of the questions I have written answers too,
But the others my powerful brain is not equal to.
Those I have left to my noble intelligent lady friends,
Ladies, that is to you.
For I know what my lady friends' great brains are equal to.
I know what your powerful minds can do.'
This kind of flattery always brings applause,
They clap their hands and cheer.
The young girls giggle, and the ancient maids snicker and say,
'Oh, isn't he sweet, a dear old dear, he gets younger and

sweeter every day.
Oh, isn't he wise, Oh, bless my eyes!
Just listen to the wise words our friend does say.
And the little man to this great applause
Is beaming with smiles, he bows to his toes,
Then he strikes an attitude like a great chief might do,
As he'd watch his army destroy his foe, drive them from view.
He stands to be admired. It is his pleasure, I suppose,
To flatter the ladies. Then to be admired he will pose,
And when the giggling, snickering, and chappering sounds have passed away
And the ancient maids they have all had their say,
Then the little hero will cough again Ahem, ahem, please look this way.
Then with his finger tips he will part his hair,
And again he will stand to be admired by everyone there,
Then he will pretend to brush dust off his clothes,
And then into a big handkerchief he will blow his nose,
And then again he will pose.
And this will continue long or not,
According to the gall the womanman has got.
To the delight of the ladies, and the disgust of the men,
The latter with envy are hot.
And when the womanman no longer dare talk slop,
Then around the platform he will strut, and hop.
Now he is doing some acting, he cuts some capers.
By the way he has mislaid his papers.
What can he do? What will the ladies say,
If he cannot read to audience his great thoughts of today,
After he has searched his clothes o'er and o'er,
He looks under the table, in his hat, and around the floor.
And then at last he finds them in his pocket in which he had looked a dozen times before.
He unrolls his papers with great ceremony, like some

great lawyer preparing for action.
At this moment he is a man of very much importance; he is great and the only attraction.
And now again he does cough Ahem, ahem, please look this way.
And then in a hesitating way he will say,
"I will now read to you the great thoughts that before I did mention,
If you will be pleased, and give your kindest, your sweetest attention."
And then the little man again does cough aloud,
And struts around like a bantam rooster so brave and so proud.
And then he points his fingers at the paper pile,
And says, "There they are, that is them, the great thoughts that I did compile.
For many long nights did I struggle with them, burning midnight oil.
One question at a time did I take, my brain with that question would struggle and toil,
Until the vibration of my brain with the great thoughts flying through,
Did make my hair shiver and shake.
And why did I do this, do you know, ladies? It was thoughts of you."
He would say as at them his finger he would shake and also for humanity's sake,
And now again he strikes his favorite attitude and then coughs aloud.
And stands like some great hero might do, so brave, so noble, and so proud.
This brings great applause that is long and loud and peals of laughter, too.
Their hands they clap,
Their fans they flap,

And the ancient maids say, 'Isn't that true?'
The young folks with their feet they bang the floor, and the children playing in the street, throw stones at the door.
But they hear not the noise the stones make as they strike the door,
Nor yet do they hear the children scream and cheer,
For the noise in that house would deafen a veteran cannonier.
And when the ladies have yelled themselves hoarse,
After giving their tongues and lungs full force,
Flushed and exhausted they sit back in their place
With a very tired smile upon their face.
Like trained dogs that sit up and shake their paws
They sit up and shake their hands, and fans, and also their paws.
And murmur their approval and applause.
For their great hero, that work so hard for them, and the cause.
And at last when the maidens' jaws do tire, their cheering lag,
And the little man has said all he knows, to praise or to brag,
Then around the platform he will bravely march like some great general might do
As he leads his victorious soldiers as stiff as starch at some grand review
Past the grandstand and through the triumphant arch.
Around and around the platform he will go with measured step so slow,
And then again he will bow to the ladies, and to the men he will nod his head,
And the expression in his eyes does say,
Should he catch the eye of some man that looks his way,
Well, this is my day.

Don't you wish that you was dead?
And when strutting around and posing the little man does tire,
When the ladies neglect to applaud or admire,
When they turn in their seats and to each other talk or some of the ladies are dozing,
Not until then will he stop his crazy walk.
Not until then will he stop his posing.
When he finds that they are not watching him then over to the table he will hop,
A look of despair comes o'er his face as the perspiration from his brow does mop.
He will cough aloud to awake them.
He would like to go down and shake them,
For his reputation is at stake.
The sleepy ones he must awake.
And to do this in an unsuspicious way
Both his hands upon the table he does lay.
Upon his papers heavily they do drop,
And this makes the water pitcher hop
And then topple over.
And the water is spilled upon the floor.
The pitcher does not break, but the noise that it does make
Awakens the slumberers and they in surprise
As they look with all their eyes say, 'For land sakes!'
And now with his papers in his hand before them he will stand,
And again their attention he will demand.
And when all eyes are turned his way then the little man will say,
'Ladies, your sweetest attention now I need.
You will be delightedly enlightened if you will heed,
For now my great thoughts to you I will read,
My first and most important question.

For many long nights and many a long day have I struggled and fought
With this great and most important thought.
This is the greatest of all great, great questions,
A weaker man than I, I am sure, it would have driven to drink.
But I am strong as you see,
I controlled myself bravely.
And this great, great question is this; this great, great thought
With which I did struggle, with which I fought.
What does the poor man think?
Does he think?
If so, then, why so? Why does he think?
What right has he to think?
Who gave him the liberty to think?
Why should he think?
I cannot answer this question, ladies, it is more than I can do.
This is one of the questions that I have left to you.
My next great question is, I see,
Does the poor man eat and drink like we? does he eat and drink?
If so, then why so, why does he eat and drink?
What right has he to eat and drink?
Who gave him the liberty to eat and drink?
Why should he eat and drink?
And this question, ladies, I must also leave for you.
Answer it myself I could not do.
And the next great question is a very important question; a great thought,
With which I have struggled and fought.
I struggled with this in my brain until I was near insane.
I would take this question up and struggle with it,
I did fight with it and juggle with it.

My brain did work as rapidly as a circular saw does revolve, but this I could not solve.
To me it was plain, as often as I picked it up unsolved I put it down again,
But this question I know my lady friends can solve; some of my lady friends may think that this is of more importance than the whole.
And it is this: Has the poor man got a soul?
Has he got a soul?
If so, then why so, why has he got a soul?
What right has he to have a soul?
Who gave him the liberty to have a soul?
Why should he have a soul?
If he has a soul, how did he come by it?
Did he beg it?
Did he borrow it?
Or, did he steal this soul?
And now tell me if you can
Why should he, the common man, have anything at all?
'You need not answer this question now,' said the little man, as the ladies began to chin and chapper.
The men are putting on their hats, and the ladies are putting on their capes or wrappers.
'Please be seated until I get through,
For I have questions and answers quite a few.
And now I will read them all off to you.
And then to all he smiled and bowed and again commenced to read aloud.
'Why was the common man born at all?
Why are some of them tall and some so small?
Why does he see and hear and talk?
Why does he run, and jump, and walk?
Why does he laugh and why does he cry?
Why do tears fall from his eye
When some of his nearest and dearest should die?

Has he got a heart the same as we?
And if so does he feel the pangs of jealousy?
Does his heart beat with joy when work is done?
And his baby to meet him down the road does run?
Is there real sorrow in his heart when tears fall from his eye,
When his children for bread do call and vainly cry in the winter time when he has no work or money to buy the necessities of life
For himself, his children and his wife?
Would it not be good for humanity
To cut out the poor man's sorrows and vanity?
Take all his hopes and joys and pleasures away and his prospects, too?
Let us make a law that will say the common man can do nothing but what we let him do,
For this is where all the trouble came in,
The cause of all the sorrow and sin,
The cause of his pleasures and his jealousy.
It is because we let him have too much liberty
To do as he might wish he is free,
And what right has the poor man to be free?
Why do we let him have so much liberty?
What right has he to be healthy and strong, is he not of humble birth?
And by what right had the poor women to be most beautiful of all upon earth?
Is that not very wrong?'
'It is wrong,' yelled one old maid; 'that is wrong.
It is wrong for you such a thing to say.'
'You are a coward to insult such ladies in this way,' another stout old dame did say.
'I am very sorry I did not stay at home today.
And mister man you will be very sorry for this insult to us this day.

I consider that I am as pretty as anyone,
I don't care what you say.'
The house was now in an uproar.
High the maidens' voices did soar.
Every maiden trying to make herself heard
In angry tone with cutting word.
And the little man screamed and tried to explain
That he did not mean them to offend.
But he had touched a very sore vein
And that was their little hero's end.
One buxom maiden on the platform did creep,
And made a grab for the little man,
And he in fear from the platform did leap,
And towards the door he ran.
But he soon came to a sudden stop
And down up his knees did drop
For all the ancient maidens did arise,
And rushed to the ends of their seat
With murder in their eyes to cut off his retreat.
Then his lady friends that only a moment ago
Looked as sweet as so many pies,
Stopped his hasty flight.
And the poor little man in fear of death turned white,
As down upon the little man the maidens did advance.
He pleaded for mercy and for one friendly face did glance,
But not one friendly eye in that crowd did he spy.
Their hearts are as cold as stones.
They heard not his prayer,
There is no mercy for him there.
It looks like they intend to slay,
To tear the flesh from off his bones.
'Oh my! oh my!' wailed the little man as he trembled in fear.
'If a little friendly mouse would now appear,

It would save me from death; the house it would quickly clear.
Then I would soon place myself at the other side of yonder door.
Or if I could only fall through a knot hole in the floor.'
But the maidens did not give him much time to think, for him there was no escape.
The man that was only a moment ago their hero, their pet, and their dear
Is now their enemy. He that was so brave, he that knew no fear,
Now trembles like a cur. There is terror in his eye, his mouth is awry and agape,
As they pounce upon him and beat him until he fell,
He screaming for mercy and the maidens in wrath did yell,
'Mister man, mister man, how did you dare!
Let me get at him! Pull his hair!'
As they beat him with umbrellas and fans,
And with slippers held tight in their hand,
Until at last with clothing torn and body sore,
The little man got up from the floor.
And then he ran the gauntlet to the door,
And many a good hard whack he got,
Heavy, hard and hot,
Before to the other side of that door he got.
And as he ran home in sorrow and pain,
He swore that he would never be
A woman's rights or a feather man again.
When the little man was gone, the door was bolted tight.
There is no man in the room now, the others went before the fight.
They all ran away before the fighting began,
And now as long as the little man does live he can say,
When danger threatened I did not run away—

Because the enemy would not let me.
But when they did let me after near murdering me, then I ran.
The ladies are all excited, some are sitting, others are leaning against a bench or chair,
Straightening out their clothing, fixing up their hair,
Fixing their feathers or laces, or pinning up a tear.
Their hearts are beating wildly, though their voices are hushed,
Some of them are pale, others flushed,
All of them are thinking, their eyes are shining bright.
They are wondering if they have done wrong or right.
All of them are sorry, more or less,
For they all have mussed something, or have a busted waist, or a torn dress.
Soon the maidens heard a gentle knock upon the door;
Now, one might hear a pin if one should fall to the floor.
The maidens are more silent now than ever before.
Again that gentle knock upon the door they hear.
And now the maidens are alarmed, they look around in fear,
And they whisper to each other, if we only had a man here—
A good, strong brave man, one that knew not fear,
Oh, wouldn't we worship him, wouldn't he be a dear?
Now one old maiden a little window at the back did spy,
And she thought through this she could retreat on the sly.
But the other maidens saw the window as did she,
And to that window they ran to flee.
About half a dozen got there at the same time,
And through that window they all tried to climb.
Each one put a foot through and then commenced to push,
And the more they pushed they tighter did wedge
Against the window frame and ledge.
None could get through, and they that had a leg in could

not get it back,
For other maidens at the back did crush.
They in the window are getting tighter, never slack,
The wedged ones are screaming, some in fear, some in pain.
They with their legs fast wish they had them out again.
'Oh, I am sure,' said one old maid, 'some one has hold of my foot.'
And another said, 'Isn't that a sin, and I'm sure my ankle is cut.'
'Let me out,' says one. 'Let me in,' says another.
Another one says, 'If you don't let go, I am sure I will smother.'
Another one says, 'It is a shame.
I am sure I will always be lame.
And if I must come to your meeting again, I'll bring along my big brother.'
They are bumping, and thumping, heaving and jerking.
They in the window are certainly working,
Screwing and twisting, pitching and listing
Each one like some abandoned boat.
Just keeping her keel down, just keeping afloat.
Now, some of the younger maidens standing in the middle of the floor
Again hear the knocking upon the door.
Suddenly one got brave and to the door she ran,
Said, 'I am not afraid if it is a man.
Besides it might be my future life companion.'
They opened the door and to their surprise there stood their own clergyman.
The clergyman walked in and what a surprise met his eyes.
When the maidens sticking in the window he spies.
The sight he saw was positively shocking,
To see the old maidens wriggling and rocking.

Each one exposing a boot, or a shoe, and the largest part
of a stocking.
The poor clergyman did not know what to do or what
to say.
He wondered if it would be best to send in a fire alarm
or to run away,
And call in and apologize some other day.
So he turned toward the door, his intention was flight,
But one of the trapped maidens saw him and yelled in
delight:
'Oh, Mister Minister, Mister Minister, save us I beg,
For I am sure, I am certain, I have broken my leg,
And won't it be horrid if in the future I must walk on
a peg.
Oh, my leg! Oh, my leg! Oh, oh, my leg!'
'Oh, save us, oh, save us,' another one pleaded.
'God is good to his own, our prayer he has heeded.
He has sent you, our shepherd, just when you are needed.'
When the clergyman heard the ladies call, he stopped in
his flight,
To answer this question, would it be wrong or right
To run away and leave the ladies in such a plight?
To a conclusion as yet he had not come
When he heard a scream and then something fall
Which sounded like a heavy blow upon some monster
drum,
And looking about he saw a lady as fat as she was tall,
Sitting upon the floor and holding in her hands her leg
that was numb.
The clergyman had come to the conclusion now that it
would be no sin to look,
For see the predicament the ladies are in, he will save
them by hook or crook.
'For,' says he to himself, as back to the window he ran,
'Are the ladies not in distress, and am I not a strong

man!'
But swift as he ran he was far too slow,
The ladies are loose now, and down to the floor they go.
They all strike the floor a terrible whack
With the broadest part of their back.
Five times that bass drum sound vibrated through the room
In quick succession, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.
And as each one struck the floor,
The clergyman would close his eyes and turn his face toward the door.
And with a half scream, half sigh,
He would open his mouth, and eyes, and cry,
'Oh my, oh my, oh my, o, o, oh my!'
His fingers are locked, and every time he screamed his elbows he raised high.
He looked like a long-legged rooster trying to fly.
This sight so strange made the young ones laugh, and the bruised ones soon joined in too.
The last to laugh was the minister, he had to laugh because all the maidens do.
Soon everybody is laughing in the place,
Even the pictures of people upon the wall seem to have a grin on their face.
The bruised and bumped maidens soon are able to walk.
They forget their bruises when they want to talk.
Everyone of the maidens are talking as fast as they can.
They are telling the minister how they beat the little man,
And how they made him run away.
They are all talking so loud, and fast, the poor man cannot hear, or understand what any of them say,
But he nods his head and smiles at every face.
As much as to say, 'I understand.'
For are they not all members of his church, and the richest ladies in all the land.

Not to hear or understand would never do,
For all of these maidens rent a pew,
Some of them are titled ladies of very high rank,
And all of them have large accounts at the bank.
And it would not be good for him financially to be a crank.
For if he was he would put less money in the bank.
So he does what is best, bow and smile, and laugh, when a laugh will fit.
For a popular preacher you cannot find
That dares to leave his smile behind.
If him you meet in the house, or upon the street, or in the pulpit,
If you see him offering up a prayer,
Or uniting some happy pair,
Or elbowing his way through the throng,
See him run to catch a train,
Or he is caught out in the rain,
And has forgotten to take his umbrella along,
See him anywhere, in any position
At any time, in any condition,
He has got it with him, he always takes it along,
For it is not very heavy, he need not be very strong.
And that's his smile.
Because he knows it's always worth his while.
No matter what trouble he might get into
He knows the best way out, he knows what to do.
If the poor man should fall and hurt his chin,
Or if he should sit down on some joker's pin,
This would be terrible bad,
It would make a saint feel sad,
And put that saint's temper to the test.
But our minister would not rip and tear,
Make ugly faces and swear.
He would just pull on his smile, for that is best.

A man may be short of common sense.
He may be as homely as a fence,
With features out of proporton, a big ugly nose or a nose too small.
He may have horrid teeth or no teeth at all.
He may be short and fat, or thin and tall.
His face may be fit to frighten crows away from a field where corn is grown.
But he can hide all his faults if he knows his play. We all have faults of our own.
He can get behind his smile and stay
Until accustomed to him we have grown.
This minister was the homeliest man I ever knew,
And he to his faults was not blind.
For he has learned the trick like a wise man will do.
He always has his smile to hide behind.
And the minister continued to smile and bow for an hour or more,
Until his smile hurt his face, and his neck was sore,
And also his feet by standing in one position on the floor.
At last, he began to understand what they did say,
And he then wished that he also could run away.
For what could he do, only one man
Amongst a crowd like this if another fight began.
These thoughts through his brain ran,
And as they he pondered o'er
Large beads of sweat rushed out from every pore.
From the top of his head to the tips of his toes,
It ran into his eyes, and it dropped from his nose,
And vainly the flow he did try to stop.
And with his handkerchief he did mop and mop,
But it continued to flow and drop,
Until his collar and cuffs were tide marked, and his clothes were as wet as sop.
Such terrible thoughts as his would make any of us sweat,

If in a hot hole, like he was in, we should get.
Without the thoughts the hot breath
Was enough to sweat a man to death.
The pressure on the minister gets greater all the while
As the maiden gabble and chin,
And the minister has lost his pleasant smile.
It has turned into an idiotic grin,
As he tries to listen to them all,
As they chin and prate,
The homely, the fair, the large and small.
And watch them gesticulate
Like a mob of Carrie Nations,
As each maiden tells the story with variation.
The minister raked his brain to find a way to make them disperse,
But every time he tried to speak, they hollered louder, and crushed him more,
Until the poor man was sick and sore.
Sometimes the pressure was so great it lifted him off the floor,
Until at last the poor man
Contrived to hit upon a plan
To get them away.
He lifted his hand
As a preparatory command,
And then hollered: 'Ladies, let us pray.'
This strategic movement won.
The enemy is flanked, soon they are all on the run
To find a nice place to kneel and pray,
To look at the minister and hear what he had to say.
The minister is left standing in the middle of the room alone,
He reels, and then staggers to his place, stiff as a bone.
He leans on his bench like a wounded gunner might lean upon his gun,

And then after a long pause he commenced to pray,
And louder and longer he prayed than he had prayed for many a day.
Then he scored them for their sin, unmercifully them he did flay,
And reprimanded them in a ministerly way.
He drove it home to them so well, that now and then
They all would holler in chorus, 'Oh, God forgive us!' or 'Ah men, Ah men.'
He told them that they offended God by sin, and they are sorrowful, they feel the pain.
But the minister knows that as soon as he stops praying they will start right in to sin again.
So he keep them kneeling, praying, for quite a while,
Until he regained his strength, and was again able to carry his smile.
The minister had got a great fright and several times that day,
When he saw them gathering around him, or even coming his way,
He would hold up his hand and holler, 'Let us pray.'
This would drive them back to their seats every time.
Then he would say a prayer and spin them some little rhyme.
Now again every female in the house is talking,
And the minister around the room is walking.
He is bowing and smiling and trying to keep out of a crush.
He is wiser now than he was before.
He keeps his eyes upon the door,
And he to it is ready to rush.
And in trying to dodge them he is kept very warm.
He is wondering if the meeting will never end,
When something occurred, and it was like a Godsend.
A mannish maiden,

With pride overladen,
Had taken her stand upon the platform,
And in her hand a roll of paper she did hold,
And the same she quickly began to unfold.
This mannish maiden was of doubtful age,
And homely; her shortcomings would fill a page.
She was very short, and fat, and wore tailor-made clothes,
And she wore a derby hat, as you would suppose.
Her features were irregular, and very much so.
A face like her's I am afraid
You could not find if you were paid
Wherever you may go.
Her eyes were small, and she had a weaselish squint.
The color was green with a pinkish tint.
Her nose was wide at the base, it turned up and thin at the end.
And when she would smile, further upward it would bend.
Underneath her nose were two long deep slits,
And to look into them it would make one dizzy and sick.
It was like looking into two bottomless pits.
Should you by accident find yourself near, and looking in,
You might tremble for fear of falling in.
You would draw back cautiously, then when clear
You would run away quick.
She had a mouth like a tobacco pouch tied with a string.
The string pulled tight, her mouth a puckered ring.
Her complexion was a greasy yellow, with pimples here and there,
Her cheeks were red. It was a thick layer.
Her hair was braided and hanging down her back.
The dye was fading; the shades were red and blue and black.
She was a woman that no sane man could admire.
One look at her face would be as much as any man would desire.

But by the way, she does talk, and the way she does stand,
She thinks that she is the sweetest creature in all the land.
In fact, she thinks she is the only real thing,
And the man who wins here must be a duke or a king.
He must be, in her estimation, the best man in the land.
He must be willing to let her command.
Or he can never place the ring; he can never win the hand.
And she asked her lady friends why should she and they
Give their youth, and beauty, and their rights away,
To a horrid man, one of the vulgar sex,
That only sour our sweetness and vex?
What right, said she, has a married man to roam,
And leave his wife and children at home?
A married man should have a cradle tied to his feet,
And he should be arrested every time he is found on the street.
It is true the wife promises to love and obey,
But this is all wrong, that we must sweep away.
Have we not got ministers and bishops to fight our fights?
That stand up honestly and openly for woman's rights?
Have we not got political friends whose influence is strong?
That we can influence, or line, to right this wrong?
There is a friend of mine, a particular friend of mine,
A good, good man, with whom I sometimes dine,
And often after dinner we have dined and wined.
He told me he would do anything for me, because I was kind.
This old gentleman, poor old soul, he is near blind.
And sometimes when he is sitting with me
Upon some rustic bench, or plush settee,
His arm around my waist will steal.

The dear old soul cannot see, so he must feel.
And I do not object to this, I like it rather,
Because he is so good to me, he is like a grandfather.
And often when we sit thus, in the twilight dim,
My heart was filled with rapture, as I listen to him.
Many wise things he told me of which I never heard before,
Things that have happened, and that will happen
And jokes by the score.
He also told me that he loves me, because to him I have been kind.
And isn't it too bad, ladies, the dear soul is near blind!'
At this the maidens laughed aloud,
And the speaker stood there bold and proud.
And she soon got a swelling in her double chin,
And the laugh she joined in.
And every time she laughed, ah, ah, her beady eyes did close,
And further upwards, towards her hat, would shoot her nose.
Some of the maidens laughed until they cried,
When the speaker's nose, shooting upwards, they spied,
Some turned their heads away, they dare not look again,
For to look at that woman's face gave them a pain.
Loud and long they laughed, the speaker at her own joke,
Her audience laughed to see her nose, trying her hat to poke.
And when the speaker stopped poking her nose up to her hat,
When the swelling went down in her neck so fat,
When she puckered in her bunch of wrinkles,
And opened her beady twinkles,
Then she began to see that the laugh was on her,
But she pretended not to see or care.
She could see some peeking, twiggling,

And then whispering to each other, and then giggling,
And she knew it would not be good for her to fuss.
So she waited until they quieted some, then spoke thus:
'Ladies, I have noted with a sad heart, these latter years,
And it has brought to my eyes many sad tears,
To see ladies of gentle and of noble birth
Ladies of the bluest blood on earth,
Lower themselves to the dust, to degradation,
By marrying some man below their station.
And what a terrible thing this is to do, for a lady refined.
It is shocking to one like me, a lady with a cultured mind.
I think it would be better, and I am sure you think the same,
To marry a man of rank, though he be blind and lame,
Though his blood is tainted with disease and insanity,
Although he be only a little fop, with nothing in his head but vanity.
We must marry men of our own high rank,
And if he is of a higher, of a princely rank,
Then he need not have millions in the bank.
He may have a record as red as hell's flame,
But what of that, if he has a title to his name?
And now, ladies, let us all vow to marry only one of our own rank or above.
Let us scout that insane idea of marrying for love.'
And as the last words from her homely lips fell,
She bowed, and then stepped to the ground.
Her talk did not please the younger maids, 'twas easy to tell,
For they dropped their eyebrows, or at each other they looked around.
But the ancient maids to yell, they dropped their jaws,
They clapped their hands and yelled, loud was their applause.

'Encore!' they did yell, 'Encore! encore!
They are the wisest words we ever heard, give us some more.'
They praised her talk, her dress, and her walk,
And some said, "Isn't she sweet?"
But they got no more from her that day,
She had not another word to say,
She took a back seat.
The younger maidens thought that she had said enough
About money, and rank and such foolish stuff.
They were displeased, it was easy to tell,
Far more, they did not scream and yell.
But the old ones were delighted, what she said was right.
They would all vouch for it, and some of them would fight.
The young maids did not say if she was wrong or right,
And after they had talked this over many times, to each other,
Then they all wanted to explain it to their dear Christian brother.
But when the minister saw them all sneaking his way,
He held up his hands, and they stood in dismay.
And then ran back, and knelt at their seats to pray.
And the minister prayed with a thankful heart
Again that day.
The minister had finished praying,
The maidens Amen were saying.
Some with their hands were beating their breast,
As they repeated o'er and o'er, 'Thy will is best.'
Some are looking at the ceiling, others at the floor,
The minister looks at one thing all the time and that's the door;
Some look at their neighbor to see how they are dressed,
They pray only with their mouths, although they beat their breast,

And continue to repeat,
With voice so low and sweet.
'Thy will is best, thy will is best.'
And the minister kept them kneeling until he saw
A young lady from a satchel a roll of paper draw.
He could see that she was waiting impatiently,
For him to say Amen, and set them free.
And he was pleased to think that she
Would now be the attraction, instead of he.
And besides with kneeling he was sore,
But he would rather suffer that pain, and more,
Than get a squeezing, like that he got a little while before,
So he said Amen, and set them free.

THE POOR MIGHT BE OUR SERVANT IN HEAVEN.

And soon upon the platform they did see
A lady young and sweet.
She was dressed in the fashion from above her waist, down to her feet.
Only little strips of lace her shoulders grace,
But she is very young and very sweet.
Her face is the fairest I have ever seen,
With the exception of one.
And that one is hidden beyond yonder shutters green.
As fair a face as man could look upon.
This lady is giddy, full of life,
Any man would be pleased to own her as daughter or wife.
No healthy man could be angry at anything she might say.
One look at her sweet face would drive all wrath away.
She smiles at her audience in a bewitching way,
And then glanced at her paper and commenced to say:
'Ladies, I would like to ask you if we could not find a way
To compel the plain people to go to church twice on a Sunday.

I have noticed with regret as older I grow
That less and less of the common people to church do go.
Every Sunday I look around from my pew,
It brings sorrow to my heart to see so few.
I think it is a shame more do not go.
It is a great sin for them, this they must know.
And could we have some good laws made
To punish backsliders, and make them afraid.
Or could we persuade them to do as we say,
Would they be willing to go if we gave them some pay,
I would subscribe, and I am sure you would do the same,
For it would be for the good of the church and in Christ's name.
And thus save some souls from hell's flame.
It is very discouraging to sit in front of so few.
Soon it won't be worth while to rent a pew.
What will be the use of putting on all our nice things.
What will be the use of riding behind a handsome pair,
If the common people do not stand and stare?
And then bow down to us as we pass by!
As we ride past them with heads held high.
If they do not sigh, if they do not feel poverty's pain,
Then what pleasure can we have, what do we gain?
If our congregation does continue to grow small
Soon there will be no pleasure in going to church at all.
Everybody should go to church, they should be compelled,
Unless by sickness in their beds they are held.
Everybody in our house must go, we never stay away.
We ride in our brougham, or in a nice coupe,
And if it should snow then we ride in a sleigh.
Of course our coachman, our chefs and men and maids don't go,
Because we pay them to work,
And they that work dare not shirk,
Or they would be discharged; from our house they must

go.
And we would get others that are willing to work.
We must have servants, we of gentle birth.
We, the rich, the refined, the cream of the earth.
But with the very poor it is different, why should they stay away?
If they have no dinner to eat, then why not go to church and pray?
Like repentant sinners I am sure God would hear what they say,
And then when they die and go up to heaven's gate,
If that should be their lucky fate,
And they should ask St. Peter I have no fear,
He would let them in to be our servants, as they are here.'
When the last word fell from the speaker's lips,
She stepped down and back to her seat she trips.
Then they all did yell, and loudly cheer.
The speaker's last words were the sweetest ever they did hear.
And all truth of that they had no fear.
And when they were tired cheering they did talk it o'er
And the minister in fear of his life got near the door,
He could not stand another squeeze like the one he got before.
But soon the ladies left the house, for it was no longer day,
And the minister was as quiet as a mouse until they drove away.
And now, gentlemen, my story is ended about the cliques and classes,
About they that rob and wrong the masses."
"Good, good, old chap," said Ray, "good again;
What you say is the truth and it's very plain.
You know that sex well, poor misguided womankind,
The fair, the weak, they with the frivolous mind,
And some of them no doubt are married, some of them

mothers,
But they have no time to waste on husband or child, not they.
Their time is squandered, their life is thrown away,
Rooting into the business of others."
"It is a very good story," said Johnson, "but it does not appear to me
To be a little more than the truth, for I cannot see
How you should know so much, and you not there,
I suppose to all that you say you would swear.
But perhaps, old man, you could explain,
If you sharpen up a bit your brain,
With a rasp or some good sharp emery,
Please remember that a liar should have a good memory."
"A liar should have a good memory," said the old man,
"That is very, very true.
But I speak the truth only, and prove this I can,
The lie I gave back to you.
I will prove to you that I was there,
At that time, living in that house as janitor.
And although not in the room, I saw and heard
With my eyes what I spoke of, and with my ears every word.
For a janitor of a building, and especially of a flat,
What he cannot hear and see is not worth listening to or looking at."
"Forgive me, old man," said Johnson, "for doubting you.
Now I know what you say is very true.
For often did I see you in the town a year ago,
At their meeting house, cleaning, or passing to and fro;
And often I watched the ladies going in,
They are just as you describe,
All these homely, brainless, hags, that would bribe.
With a very few exceptions, they are as homely as sin.
And these are the people that have laws made

Through thieving politicians, men that by them are paid.
And must we be ruled by this lazy gossiping tribe,
By these homely, brainless hags that would bribe
Some foolish featherman, or unscrupulous politician,
To rob of our last few rights, to drive us to perdition?"

WE GIVE OUR LIBERTY AWAY.

"We must, we must," said old man Clay,
"We give them the right to take our liberty away every time they ask for it, on every election day.
And," continued he, "there is no hope that I can see.
Every year we are less free, every day we have less liberty.
Every hour the chains are tightened that hold us in slavery.
Now the fetters are cutting to the bone;
We curse in our agony, we sigh and groan.
And does it not serve us right to be treated thus?
Is it not a just punishment for us?
For our cowardice, and knavery.
This, and worse, we must bear forever.
Unless from their greedy claws ourselves we sever—
The bloodsuckers' claws, that hold us by the throat,
Must we stand like innocent sheep?
And be content, or course, or weep?
And let these monsters grin into our faces and gloat?
Every day the clutch is tightening more and more.
Our bodies grow more hungry and our souls more sore.
And yet we, poor fools, give them our good vote."

SHOULD WE, THE MILLIONS, BE RULED BY UNITS?

"That's right, old chap," said Ray.
"We do give our rights away.
And should we, the millions, be ruled by units.

By what is called the upper ten?
Will we forever remain in slavery, like eunuchs? or stand up and fight,
For what we know is ours by right; like free men,
The rich grow richer, money rules.
And we grow poorer, we poor fools,
And who can we blame but ourselves, we miserable knaves.
We are by right free citizens, then why are we not free?
Because we will not stand together, to redeem ourselves and our country.
We must stand together; we must unite;
We must prepare for the struggle, be ready to fight;
Or forever remain the lowly,
The lower class, the unholy,
The rich man's slaves.

YOU PAY YOUR MONEY AND TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

"That's right," said Johnson, "what you fellows say is true.
I have read about politicians and bribery and I can show the clipping to you.
Not so long ago a big politician in New York State
Was addressing mammoth corporations and some billionaire syndicate
This politician is a mighty man and perhaps you know him well.
I will not mention his name, but I will say his name is not O'Hell.
And in the course of his address,
Some of his party's sins he did confess.
And at the finish he hollered with loud voice,
Last year I was charged with oppressing the corporations,

This year I am charged with favoring the corporations.
You pay your money and take your choice.
And is not that beautiful, for the rich to listen to,
But how will it be swallowed by the people like I and you?
The rich man with his boodle can have his choice
The poor man has nothing, he gets nothing, they hear not his voice.
But every day he is squeezed more, and more, in poverty's vise."

POLITICS AND BRIBERY GO HAND IN HAND.

"Yes, that's the way it goes," said Ray,
"The politician must have money, he works for pay.
If there was not money in it,
He would not be in it,
He would earn his bread some other way."
"You are right, Mr. Ray," said old man Clay.
"Politics and bribery go hand in hand.
But the people will change all this some day
And then this will be a happy land.
The people must take the lines into their own hands
And drive the bribers from our lands.
And whilst there is one to give, there is one to receive.
It has been thus since the fall of mother Eve.
If there was no bribe, there would be no receiver.
But whilst the rich are willing to give gold away,
To buy politicians, that work for pay.
And whilst we heed and give our vote to the vile deceivers,
There will be bribes and bribe receivers,
You cannot mention the name of one rich man, who does not subscribe
To some political organization, some clique, or clan, he with his money does bribe.

The politicians that make the law, he does buy
To make laws to benefit him, and to wrong you and I."

RELIGIONS AND RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS, ETC.

"Well, fellows," said Johnson, "let us talk about something else now,
We have heard enough about bribery, why wrinkle our brow.
What do you fellows think about that minister, the homely lout?
He that bows to the rich, he that does pray, and spout,
And sings hymns, to jolly the ladies along.
Does he think he is right?
I suppose his convictions are strong.
He may think he is right,
But I say he is wrong."
And as Johnson said this, he looked at old man Clay,
He expected an answer, but the old man had nothing to say.
The old man his pick vigorously swung,
And like a wise man he held his tongue,
And looked the other way.
For the old man knew it would not be right.
He knows that this same talk has caused many a fight.
Many a fool has come to grief
For criticising another's religious belief.
But Johnson persisted for a long while,
Until at last the old man was forced to smile.
And he turned to the young man and did say;
Some learn at others' expense, others for wisdom dearly pay.
And now young man if you would be wise,
Hold thy tongue, make not that empty noise.
But listen with thy ears and look with thy eyes,

And when I am through, you think my advice is not good
Then go out into the world and pay with thy blood.
Heed not my words of warning, remember not what I say.
Pay for thy wisdom, cast my advice away.

WHEN MY BRAIN WAS YOUNG.

When my brain was young, like thine is now.
When I had no wrinkles upon my brow,
I had little experience, but I had plenty of gall,
I was positive then that I knew it all.
As yet I had not got my nose ground,
Against the world's grindstone, as it whizzed around;
And if in argument, liar! I would call,
To convince that I knew it all.
But I soon learned a lesson, we all must learn.
I got a licking and the same I did earn.
I was punished, until for mercy I did call,
And it was just because I thought I knew it all.
The man that licked me was sickly looking and small,
I was young, stout, strong and tall,
And every time I tried to hit him, I got hit and down I'd fall,
And I began to think then that I did not know it all.
He punched me like I was a punching bag,
He taught me that it was not good to brag.
And every whack he gave me and at every fall,
Convinced me more that I did not know it all.
That licking was the best thing that ever happened to me.
It taught me that to believe and to think we all are free
It convinced me my knowledge was very small,
And that before I got licked, I knew nothing at all.
And now to conclude, I to thee would say,
Believe as you wish, think as you may,
But do not sneer, nor do you grieve

At anything thy neighbor does think, or believe.
He has the same rights as you, you the same as he.
We may all be right, we may all be wrong, we can never know
Until we are dead, until our souls upward do go.
Until the face of God, our maker, we see."
"That is very good," said Johnson, "it is very kind of you.
I am thankful for your good advice. What you say is true.
We should not laugh at our neighbor, nor should we grieve,
We all have the same right to think and to believe.
But," continued Johnson, "they who from the right path turn,
For peace and happiness in the next world they may yearn,
But they look the wrong way, vainly they will search.
They are turncoats, they turned away from the true church,
And when they leave this world, or on judgment day,
When down they are hurled for their sins to pay,
To hell they must go; forever their souls will burn."

I WAS ONCE A SLAVE OF THE CHURCH.

"Stop! stop!" said old man Clay.
"How dare you judge your neighbors so?
If they wish to choose their own way
They have a right to do so.
Who but a fool would speak so unjust?
Would you from a hungry soul snatch away a crust?
If some sinners should have some certain church,
And for truth and happiness, along other roads search;
If they are good people and abide by the law,

And they wish to tear away from the grasp of some tyrant's claw;
If they injure not themselves, or their neighbor in doing so,
Then we should give them the right of way and let them go.
All good citizens this liberty can claim,
No man more than another, and no man less,
If we do not take this liberty only ourselves are to blame,
For God our country with freedom did bless."
"It strikes me you take pleasure in contradicting me,"
Said Johnson, "you will not agree with me.
It is very foolish for you to talk like this to me.
You know just as well as I.
Turn from our path, and the face of God you can never see,
Nor the joys of heaven can you know when you die."
"Well, well, well!" said the old man, "I am sorry I spoke,
To enlighten one as narrow as thee is no joke."
"You are an old fool," said Johnson, "you are an old fool.
Have you forgotten what they taught you at the sisters' school?
Once you were religious, and you served at mass,
And at Sunday-school you were at the head of your class."
"And that is the truth," said old man Clay,
"I was once as great a fool as you have proved to be today.
I was once a slave of the church, to think of myself I was not free,
I was once a blind bigot, others did do my thinking for me.
And at that time I could not see the reason why
Others should not be compelled to believe as I.

At that time into the great book never did I peep,
Nor did I until I was much older.
The first time I opened and read the Bible, with fear my flesh did creep.
But the scales soon fell from my eyes, I became bolder
And after reading it many times, I studied deep.
My love for bigots became very much colder;
I found that I had been like one half asleep.
It fanned to life the fire of freedom that in my brain did smoulder,
And although a hardened man, for joy I did weep,
And since that day to all bigots I give the cold shoulder."

YOU ARE A TURNCOAT TOO.

"Ah," said Johnson, "I see it all now: you are a turncoat too,
Then like a repentant sinner to the priest for forgiveness you must cry,
Or in hell for all eternity your soul must fry.
The devil must have gotten in to you."
"Think as you wish," said old man Clay,
"But I am sure the devil does not travel my way.
The devil does not hold a mortgage on my soul
For I have given it to God, clean and whole.
The sign-post along the road does not read: This way to perdition;
My religion is not built on jealousy, suspicion and superstition;
I was taught like thee to fear God, to fear the devil, to fear everything;
But now I love God, I love all and I fear nothing."
"Oh, yes," said Johnson, "I know the road you travel:
It is not a foundation of rock, or even gravel;
It was made by his satanic majesty, by his own hand,

It was more beautiful than any road in any land;
Smooth like the lands upon the sea shore, golden, grand.
But beware, old man, your hair is gray,
You have but little time to repent or pray.
Do not travel along the road made of the devil's quicksand."
"To hell with the devil," said the old man;
"I am not of the devil's clan.
My soul to him can never fall,
For did not Christ die to redeem us all?
I believe in Christ, so blessed and good,
That did for us all, that shed His blood;
And if I can carry my cross, if I wrong no man,
Be just to all, and do good when I can,
Then, when my time is ended here below,
Then my soul to God will go."

IT WILL TAKE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS TO SAVE YOUR SOUL.

"You are wrong," said Johnson, "you are wrong, you know,
To heaven your soul can never go;
If you do not confess your sins and receive absolution,
Then your soul must go to dissolution.
There is only one way to heaven, and this you know as well as I can tell,
If you travel by any other way you travel the way that leads to hell.
If you should die in the state that you are now in,
Out of your church and in mortal sin,
It will be useless to have a few masses for the
your soul said.
It will take thousands of dollars to save
you are dead.

Your children and friends might give to the church all the money they have for this.
But to hell your soul must go, the joys of heaven you will miss."
"Well, well, well," said old man Clay, "this is very sad,
If I must be judged by thee, an inexperienced lad.
When I was a child, I believed all that I was told,
Like any other child, but I grew wiser as I grew old,
And I cannot believe now what I believed then,
For I found that the religious systems, made by men,
Guide us not along the road that Christ trod.
But along other roads that may, and may not, lead to God.

WHEN SANCTIMONIOUS PRIESTS UNDER FALSE COLORS SAIL.

I found if I had money, and some to the church give,
They would meet me with a smile.
It matter not to them the life I may live,
They will bow down to me and guide me down the aisle.
But if they should see that I am poor,
There is no seat for me, I must stand near the door;
I cannot sit down as the rich man does.
For me there is no smile and bow, no welcome fuss,
I have not got money to pay for a seat;
I must kneel in the dust trampled in from the street.
You must pay money for a ticket, like you would to see a show,
Or down the aisle to take a seat you cannot go;
And if a rich man should die,
And his friends to the church some money pay,
The clergyman to heaven will raise his eye,
And loud and fervently pray.
The more money they pay, the more masses,

Whilst the money lasts, they will pray, and make the passes,
Whilst thousands of poor men are dying every day;
And it does not to me seem so very funny
The clergyman for them does not loudly pray;
There is no mass for them, they have no money,
But once a year they will say a mass
For the repose of souls that from life did pass,
And this they call Christianity, but I would call it blackmail.
When the sanctimonious pirates under false colors sail,
It is a sin, a shame, it is plain hypocrisy—
It is more, it is crime, and blasphemous mockery.
They would make us believe that they have a pull with Him above.
They may believe that they have, but I say, no man can buy or sell God's love.

TO GOD I WILL PRAY TO MAKE ME A BETTER INFIDEL EVERY DAY.

"Stop, stop," yelled Johnson, "it is a shame for you
To say such things that you know are not true,
Are you not afraid that God would strike you dead
For saying the words that you have said?"
"No, no," said the old man, "I am not afraid of God above,
For God is just, and God for His children has only love,
And thankful will I be, until I step over the brink,
To God for giving me the power to think."
"You are wrong," yelled Johnson, "you are wrong, you old fool.
You have forgotten all that they learned you at church and at school,
You have turned your back on the true church,

531215

And along the road that leads to hell for salvation you search.
You have turned away from God, and the devil's doctrine you teach;
The devil will reward you, for it is for him that you preach,
The devil has given you false wisdom, to work his will.
You are a bad man, you are a socialist, you are an infidel."
"Well," said old man Clay,
"To think as I wish, I am free,
And if thou was not so near kin to the jabbering ape this might enlighten thee.
If, because I have the senses that God gave to me,
If, because when I look I see,
If, because I look with honest, open eyes and without fear,
If, because when I listen I hear,
If, because I exercise my brain,
Because I do not want my offspring to degenerate, to become insane,
If this makes me a socialist or infidel,
Then to God will I fervently pray
To make me a better socialist, and a better infidel, every day."
"Good, good," yelled Ray, "good again.
Your words are as true as they are wise and plain;
And I would not be the least bit surprised
If, after a few hundred years, you would be canonized.
The bigots that would paint you now with the blackest paint,
The same kind of people on some future days
Might make you their patron saint,
And to you for favors pray.
And now, old chap," continued Ray, "when you get your breath,
Tell us what you think we should do, so that after death,

When our souls have left our bodies and this world of strife,
What should we do, what must we do, to win everlasting life?
Of all the religions I have seen throughout the land,
The one most Christ-like is the Salvation Band,
For they go amongst the people, just like Christ did,
And tell them that Christ died for them, and bid
Them repent and believe in Christ, and they
Will be saved, all their sins will be washed away."

LET US NOT OURSELVES DECEIVE.

"Then they speak the truth," said the old man, "if we repent, and in Christ believe.
But do we the right meaning of the word repent understand? Let us not ourselves deceive;
It is not sufficient to beat our breast and have tears fall from our eye,
To be half sorry, half afraid, because we know that we will be punished for sin when we die.
If we would repent then let us start right,
Let us purge our souls of sin, and make them pure and bright.
Now supposing I should tell a lie about my neighbor,
To one that for whom my neighbor did labor,
And by telling that little lie my neighbor did lose his employment,
And back to his wife and children without money to buy bread he went.
Now this sin to some might appear very small,
But in my opinion this is one of the worst sins of all;
I have not only wronged that man by that little word I said,
But I have robbed him, his wife and his little children, of

their bread.
And when I told that lie,
That was venom-laden, like the serpent's hiss,
I thought not of the children that for bread would cry;
I did not think that it would come to this;
I did not think that I would destroy this poor man's happy home;
I did not think that his children, in desperation wild, would be tempted to roam.
I destroyed this happy home, upon the world I scattered them broadcast,
I threw innocent children into temptation, and the parent's fond hopes I did blast.
And now, if one or all should fall to sin, who will be to blame for this?
If the demand of hunger, he with hollow cheeks should win, if death their lips should kiss,
For all their sins, and all their sorrows, all their pain, their anguish, their horrors—
I to God must answer for the whole,
For I am the cause of it all.
It was I who made them fall,
Their sins are on my soul.

HOW MUST I ATONE?

And now to atone for that crime, that terrible sin,
What must I do to redeem my soul, where must I begin?
My conscience troubles me, I feel sorrow at my breast;
Would my soul me cleaned if that sin I confessed?
Would the sins be washed away?
If I prayed night and day
For a hundred years?
If all the clergymen in the world
Volleys of prayers to heaven hurled,

And shed rivers of tears?
If I my soul to retrieve
Taught my children to believe
That it was right to lead an unnatural life?
If I made my daughter fair
Cut off all her beautiful hair,
And bury her in a convent, for all her life,
Then would God have mercy upon me,
Would he recognize
This atonement, this great sacrifice?
If I made a priest of my only son, and thereby my own noble race destroy.
If I sacrificed him, and he the laws of nature dare not heed
If he should die without casting his seed,
If he does not increase and multiply, as God intended that he should,
If he does not give the germ of life, his blood,
As all living things must,
Before they die and turn into dust,
Ever giving worth for worth,
Like the beautiful flowers, the trees, the weeds,
They drop their fruit, scatter their seeds,
That their breed may forever live on earth.
If a million masses are said
For my soul when I am dead,
Would this my soul redemption win?
If for a hundred thousand years
Priests prayed and shed bitter tears,
Would this blot out the sin?
If the people I wronged were dead and forgotten,
Their flesh gone to clay, their bones all rotten;
Then would God have forgotten my sin?
Would He open the gates of heaven and let me in?
Oh, no, no, a thousand times no,

I must get forgiveness from them whom I did wrong, and
before they die
I must atone, make the wrong right, or at least try,
Or whilst I live, in my conscience I will feel the devil's
prong, and then when I die
To hell my soul must go"
"Stop, stop, old man," yelled Johnson, "say no more.
Are you not afraid that God will strike you dead,
Or put upon you some affliction, some leprous sore,
For the sinful words you have said?
He might crush you lifeless to the floor,
Or heap some sorrow upon your head."
"Well," said the old man, "to believe as you wish you
are free,
But I cannot believe as you do, for God was always good
to me.
God gave me the power to think and to talk,
To see, to hear, and to walk;
And also the power to taste and to smell;
And because I use these powers must I go to hell?
What God did give, He gives it free.
He gave the same to you as he did to me,
And all he gave to us we are at liberty to use,
And we must not neglect them, nor must we abuse.
We must make good use of the powers with which God
his children did bless.
And if we do we will never rue; if we do not, to us they
will become useless.
Some have not got the use of all these powers,
There are many upon earth
And the reason of this was accident, either before or after
birth.
God made us all perfect, and so we would remain,
If we meet not with accident, until we go to God again."
"Beware, old man," said Johnson, "beware again I say,

For you are standing at the brink of the grave,
And soon to the priest for forgiveness you will crave,
For your hair has long been gray.
You take the name of God in vain
And you slight the holy things;
You talk like one that was insane
When you say the word that stings.
Many a long string of prayers you must say,
And fast for many and many a day,
Before absolution you can receive.
Unless the priest you do deceive,
Holy anointment you can never get
If the priests your sins should know
Upon the gates of heaven your eyes can never set;
To hell your soul will surely go."

ROME MUST HAVE MORE GOLD.

"If what you say was true, young man," said old man Clay,
"If all the people on earth were compelled
To have the same opinions that some held,
Then Christ's own words we must brush away,
As a foolish fable, by some poor fool told,
And cling to the system, by scheming men made,
To hold us in their power, to make us afraid,
That they might rule, and get more gold.
Every day, if we look we can see.
In whatsoever part of the world we may be,
The system begging upon every hand,
Spreading out more in every land,
Pleading and threatening the young and old,
They ask not if they have enough upon which to live,
That concerns them not, the poor must give,
For Rome must have more gold."

"You are a poor old fool," said Johnson, "poor old imbecile.
You tell them sinful lies, and with a smile.
I will talk no more with you, your talk makes me wild,
For I am told when folks get old, they become again a child."
"You are a brave old man," said Ray, "to speak as you do,
And I don't think there is another that would dare to say
The words that you have said to-day.
Although they believe as you do,
Although they are as positive as you
That what you say is only too true.
And now, old chap, you will oblige
To tell me what I want to know.
If I wish to win everlasting life,
Tell me the way that I must go.

TAKE THE DUST FROM NO MAN.

You have traveled north, east, south and west,
You have studied religions of every kind,
You have seen the worst, you have seen the best,
And you have talked with men of different minds,
With the savage fanatic and the atheist,
With the wise Parisee, and the gentle Indo,
With blind bigots that think that they know best,
With the un-Christlike Christian and the down-trodden Jew,
With Mohammedans and Buddhists and many other kinds,
Wth superstitious savages, and men with cultured minds,
And all believing that they are right because they were taught,
And all of them are ready to fight, as their fathers fought,

And although some of them are slaves, their minds are free,
For no man can hold another man's mind in slavery.
And now after traveling in all the countries in which you have been,
And after studying the religions that you have seen,
After all the wisdom that you have gained,
The true religion you must have ascertained.
And now, tell me, but not as one would tell to a sister or a mother,
But as one honest man would tell to another,
I know it is not right to ask a man to speak so plain,
For by doing so what can he gain?"
"He can gain nothing," said the old man, "but much he can lose.
He must be a brave man, or a cowardly hypocrite.
He must speak only the words that fit
Or the friendship of relatives and neighbors lose.
He must think as they do,
He must believe as they do,
There is nothing to win by speaking honestly.
But everything to lose.
And must I forfeit my freedom of thought and speech
For such hollow friendship as this?
To know that my neighbors have a kindly feeling for me is very nice,
But such friendship as this would be dearly bought.
Their smiles and kind greetings I would miss.
But this false friendship is not worth the price
And over the loss of these friends I will never shed a tear.
My own kin may deny me,
My false friends may belie me,
But my conscience is clear,
To think as I wish I am free;
We all can claim this liberty.

I have no fear,
And I will point the road to thee that I think is best,
As I would to any weary travelers upon the highway.
It is the easiest road to the land of the blessed.
Now listen to what I say:
Take the dust from no man,
Step in no man's dirt,
Walk not in a narrow rut,
Let go of the bigot's shirt,
Step right out upon the broad highway,
The wide road along which Christ trod,
For that in my opinion is the only road
That leads direct to God."
"Thank you, old friend," said Ray,
"You speak like an honest man.
I will never forget the advice you gave me today,
And I will travel by that road if I can,
Along the great wide road that Christ trod,
That beautiful road that leads to God."
"Oh, stop this conversation," said Johnson,
"I am to blame, I know.
I am sorry for all that I did say,
For my sinful talk I did dearly pay,
And I hope to grow wiser as older I grow.
And now, fellows," continued he, "talk about something
in which there is fun,
About travels, about hunting, or about battles that you
have won."

WHAT MAKES A LADY?

But his two companions had nothing to say,
In silence they swung the pick and shoveled away.
Johnson could see that they were thinking deep,
As from under his eyebrows he at them did peep.

He asked several questions trying to draw them out again,
And answered them himself and this gave him pain.
At last he asked a question that drew a reply
From Mr. Ray, as he dug away, and with laughing eye.
The question was, "Can you fellows tell me what makes a lady?
I would think it is this way:
If one had lots of money and could sit down all day."
"Ba, ba," said Ray, "it is not that way, it is this way:
It is one that goes around with tilted nose,
That wears only expensive clothes,
That looks at people with haughty, vicious glare,
That wears bangles, and rings and stones most rare,
That have their faces painted to make them flare,
That go around with half their body bare,
That buys a seat in church and rules the minister,
That gobble up all good things everywhere.
It is them that you will see in the front seats of hell if you go there."
"Ah, ah, ah, ah, in hell, oh, oh, oh," laughed Johnson, as he held his ribs.
"Paints her face to make it fair,
And goes round with her body bare.
Oh, Ray, Ray, if she only heard you
You would get the bounce today."
"Oh, I don't care," said Ray, "it is the truth that I say.
You can see that kind of ladies around here every day."
Just then the sound of a whistle was heard.
The sound was loud and clear.
They climbed out of the ditch with joyful word,
For it told them that night was near,
And that their long day's work was done.
Their daily bread they struggled for at last was won.
They put their picks and shovels away
Where they could find them the following day.

Then good-night, good-night, their parting words were said,
As they hurried off in their different ways,
To eat their supper and then retire to their bed
To be ready for work on the following day.

ALPHONSO BULL.

The sun has set o'er Floreen Park,
And the old crow is calling from the wood
A warning for the younger broods to retire.
Night is here and it will soon be dark,
The full moon is raising the color of blood.
And the breeze is like the breath from a forest fire.
The great red mansion looks melancholy now,
With only a light here and there;
The great ball-room is full of gloom,
The tapestries covered and the windows bare.
Maids are scrubbing and cleaning in the great hall,
And in the lower rooms,
With dampened cloths and scrubbing brush and broom.
A lady with handkerchief in hand
Is passing to and fro,
Occasionally giving a command
As she walks along proud and slow.
Just then the sound of carriage wheels and horses' hoofs are heard,
Coming along the main drive it stops at the front door.
Then the maids with pail and broom scamper away
At Mrs. Bull's commanding word,
And they heard the loud peel of the front door bell,
As they stepped upon each other's heels and some near fell,
In their great haste to get off that floor,
And as the maids went down the back stairs,

Words were murmured that were not good prayers;
Some glanced backward, and their glances did say,
I wish Mrs. Bull in a place far away.
When the servants were gone and none to hear or see,
The lady murmured, "It must be he; if not, then who can
it be?
Master Edmond has gone for the night, it cannot be him,
I know,
He will not be home until the morning's light,
Until the sun is high and bright."
As towards the door she does go—
"It is my dear Alphonso, I know,
Because my heart it tells me so."

HELL UPON EARTH.

And then she opened the door and a man stepped in,
And she uttered a scream of glad surprise,
The man was tall and very thin
And upon his face is the stamp of his sin,
With flushed cheeks and bloodshot eyes,
She closed the door quickly, then threw herself upon the
man's breast,
But the man pushed her away just as quick,
And with his hand brushed his vest.
She stood and looked at him for a moment with sorrow
and pity in her eyes,
And he stood and glared at her with anger in his bleary
eyes,
And then she spoke in pleading tones like one whose heart
is broke,
"Oh, Alphonso, my own, have you gone mad or is this
some cruel joke?
Why do you cast me from you, why do you stare so
strangely?

Have you forgotten all the vows you made to me?
When my hair was the color of gold?
Have you forgotten that you promised to love me all my life?
Have you forgotten that I am your wife,
Or has your heart for me grown cold?
Oh, speak to me, just one kindly word again,
And banish from my heart this horrible pain.
Oh, take me to your arms and claps me to your breast,
Let my head upon your manly bosom rest.
Oh, press your loving lips to mine
Until you feel the warm blood flow,
And my heart beat time to thine.
For I love you so, I love you so."
"You love me so," said Alphonso, with a yell,
"You love me so, oh, she devil from hell.
You are my wife, you say,
Then my command you must obey,
Or tomorrow will be thy judgment day.
You know what I come here for, it is for gold,
And as this is the last time I shall see thee on earth
I want all thy gold and everything of worth,
Thy gold and thy diamonds that glitter so bright,
Or the devil will own thy soul tonight,
Before one hour is passed
Thou wilt have breathed thy last,
And thy body will be cold.
And now say not one word, but get me what I ask and quick,
For the sound of thy voice makes my soul sick,
Keep back, woman, speak not, for I know what you would say.
It is too much I ask, for dissipation
Has drunk all my senses away.
But who is to blame if I drown all my sorrows in drink,

And if I have disgraced my family name,
If I have caused the innocent to blush in shame?
Oh, think, woman, think,
I fired the shot that laid him low, 'tis true,
But who is the real murderer, is it I, or is it you?
Who with smiles and wine stupefied me
Until my mind was not my own,
Until the little reasoning power I had had flown?
Who was it that with me through the lines of the sentinels crept,
And into the camp where the soldiers slept?
Who was it that crept up to the tent door and called some one by name?
Who was it that kissed me on the lips and bid me take good aim?
Was it you woman, woman was it you?
Who was it that bought me, the brainless fool,
For a drink and a wicked smile.
To make me an assassin's tool.
Was it you, woman, with your guile?
Who was it that destroyed my happiness of life?
Who was it that bribed me to make herself my wife?
Who was it that was once beautiful and cooed like a dove,
That snared me and held me from the girl that I love?
Was it you, oh reptile vile?
It was you that has done all this, you with the watery eyes.
You with your sickening shallow smile.
It was you, oh devil, in disguise,
Oh, weeping crocodile!
Say not those cruel words, do you say?
Then give me thy gold and jewels and I will go my way.
What, do you say we might be happy yet?
Oh, woman, if you are a woman, forget.
Forget, forget, that you ever met me in life.

Forget that I once called you my wife,
Forget all things, but one thing, and that is to get gold for me,
So that I can buy liquor, the same with which you bought me.
So that I can forget my horrible past life.
And the thing that calls herself my wife,
And that thing is thee, oh beast, oh reptile thee.
Oh, yes, weep, weep, but do not let your tears fall upon the clear, white floor,
But catch them in some pail or bowl.
And then when you have finished, when there is no more,
Then with your tears you might wash some dirty floor,
But they will never wash the sins from off your tarnished soul.
Now give me your gold and diamonds,
And all things that are of worth,
So that I can buy that which destroyed my happiness upon earth.
That beautiful liquid that sparkles like the flame of hell,
That for which I my life and my soul did sell.
Quick, quick, can you not see that my brain is aflame.
Quick, give it to me in the name, I dare not mention.
Then give it to me in the devil's name.
Ah, I see it all now, you are in the game.
You and the devil and his imps are the same.
Oh, oh, let you go, little devilish thing.
How dare you drag my soul around at the end of a piece of string?
Catch him, him, that other little devil and take him away.
Don't you see him holding the mirror up to catch what I say,
And that one behind you, do you for a moment suppose
That I would listen to him who is talking to me with his toes?

Help, help, murder, oh, save me!
Stand back, woman, don't come near me.
Shake the imps from your clothes.
Hi, hi, keep back, you with the blue sparks flying from your nose.
You with the longest tail, you with the fork in your claws.
Keep back, I say, do you take me for a roasting pig,
That you with toasting fork would like to dig.
A drink of liquor, yes, that's what I want; why didn't you say so before? Ah, ah, that is balm; and
Now let us drink the health of all the devils around the floor.
Then perhaps they will go and never come back any more.
Then I will jump out of the window when you bolt the door.
Gold and jewels, have I ever seen them before?
Yes, this one smiled at me when you crept up to the tent door.
And this one smiled and nodded as I crept up from behind,
As much as to say, pleased to have your company, you are kind.
And this great cluster glittered and trembled in fear.
When the pistol shot rang out loud and clear.
And this white stone gave out light,
When you dragged me in the bushes out of sight.
When I did not care if it was wrong or right.
Forget that night I never can.
When my own little will power had taken flight,
When I had forgotten the laws of God and man on that fatal night.
Yes, they could all tell the story if they could speak.
And of many escapades of thine
And vengeance upon thee they might wreck.
But 'tis better so, that pleasure must be mine,

And now I have taken all from thee but thy sting,
Come closer to me so that I can cling
To thy wrinkled throat and wring
Until I see thee wriggle and quake,
Like what your are, a squirming snake.
Until from your vermon-laden lips I see
Again that thing that poisoned me.
Ah, come to me, surely you would grant such a smart request,
And I am sure that it would be the best.
To send thee down to the devil as his permanent guest,
For without thee the world would be blessed.
And great pleasure it would be to me
To send thee on thy way and see
The devil entertaining thee.
Because when I look into your face, oh scaly thing,
Memories of the past back to me it does bring.
It gives to me the feeling the rooster felt
As he fluttered and hopped around on the sand,
After his head had been severed from his neck
By a dulled knife held in a strong hand.
Now that terrible thirst is on me again,
Fire is shooting through my eyes and my brain is aflame.
Give me more liquor, quick, don't tell me lies,
It was you that placed the flame.
They are coming, they are coming, they are calling me by name.
Hide me, save me, go from my sight,
Or you must go with me to hell tonight.
Oh, liquor quick, quick hold it to my lip,
I tremble so I am afraid the glass will slip.
Oh, that is good now, give me more, fill it again.
It goes right to the spot and stills the pain.
It is balm to my soul, it is bliss,
It silences the serpent's hiss,

But 'tis only for a moment, 'tis like casting fuel upon the fire—it smothers the flame,
But when the new fuel catches fire then a greater flame.
Oh, liquor bright, beautiful to see.
You love me not, I love not thee.
And yet I dare not cast thee away, from thee I dare not flee,
For thou has got the death grip on me.
Before thee and women touched my lips, my soul
Was pure and my body clean and whole.
You are destroying my body as women destroyed my soul.
And now, sinful thing, I will go my way,
Why should I prolong the pain, why longer stay?
Have I not got thy gold in my pocket and diamonds rare,
Enough to buy drinks for many a day,
Enough to pay my fare to hell, for it is there
If not upon earth again I meet thee, lady fair,
And until then I will say farewell."
He left the mansion with head bowed down,
And with faltering step he went towards the town
And the first saloon he came to inside he stepped
And up to the bar he quickly lept.
He called for drinks for himself and all the loafers there.
"Put them up quick, bartender," he said, "I can pay the fare.
What do I care for a dollar or two when I am on a tear,
Why should we care for anything, anyhow? Let us drown our sorrow,
Whilst I have money in my pocket I would say to hell with tomorrow."

CAST OUT INTO THE NIGHT.

Mrs. Bull stood at the door, her hand pressed to her heart,
It was plain it gave her pain from her husband thus to

part.
She watched until he disappeared in the darkness down the road,
Then scalding tears rolled down her cheeks as to her room she strode.
Back in her room in deep despair, she threw herself upon a chair.
She wept and sobbed and between her sobs she offered up a prayer.
Then she called aloud in plaintive tone, "Come back to me, my Alphonso, my own,
How can you leave me thus alone?
Why, oh why, Alphonso, did you say those cruel words?
You know that you are breaking my heart,
We might yet be as happy as two little birds,
Singing gay together in all kinds of weather, until death do us part.
You know I love but you,
You know I love you true.
I love you with a heart that's whole,
I love you with my life and soul.
Ah, what was that noise at the door I heard?
Some low servant listening.
If so, she has heard every word.
If it should be what I suppose,
Then she will pack her clothes,
And out of this house tonight she goes."
She ran to the door and opened it, and as she surmised
There stood a servant girl, young Ethel, with innocent eyes.
"What are you doing?" she said, to Ethel, "what are you doing here?
Tell me the truth and quickly, or the worst you may fear.
Standing at my door listening, now tell me what did you hear?"

"If you please, madam," said Ethel, "I did not hear anything.
I knocked upon the door because the bell does not ring.
And please, madam, don't think that I am bold.
I wish to tell you supper is served and getting cold."
"You tell a lie," said Mrs. Bull, "I can see it in your eye.
You were paid to work and not to spy.
Who would think that you who look so innocent was so sly?"
"Please do not accuse me wrongly," Ethel cries,
As two big tears fell from her eyes.
"Because I have too much work to do
To come around spying upon you."
"You lie," said Mrs. Bull, "you lie, you impertient thing.
Go pack your clothes and await till I ring.
And when I have given you your pay,
Then, Miss Impertience, you may go your way.
Go and fall into the river if you wish or go to the woods and die.
This will be a lesson to you never upon your superiors to spy."
"But, Mrs. Bull," said Ethel, "please remember it is night,
And to send any one out now would not be right."
"How dare you speak to me," said Mrs. Bull, "you impertient Mick.
You are a servant; you are paid to work and not to think.
And now you will be discharged without a reference.
You are a disgrace.
And I will do everything to prevent you getting another place."
Then she slammed the door in Ethel's face, and Ethel went away
To her little room to pack her clothes and wait for her pay.

Soon Ethel's bell rang and she went down.
Awaiting her was Mrs. Bull, and on her face was a frown.
She handed Ethel a pen, and pointing to a book said:
"Sign there, now here are your wages; you are paid.
Had you been honest and truthful you might have stayed,
And some day you might have been a lady's maid.
But it is better so.
I found that you are dishonest, a liar.
So from this mansion you must retire.
And now you must go.
Go where you will, go where you may,
But here you cannot stay.
And what is more, when you are gone do not refer to me,
Nor do not write to me
For a reference, for I will give you none.
And also bear this in mind:
If you tell tales about any one here you will find very soon
the prison bars you will be behind.
Never for one moment dare you forget what I say,
And now there is the door, go your way."
"Oh, Mrs. Bull," pleaded Ethel, "Remember it is night,
And to send any one out now would be a sin."
"Servant," said Mrs. Bull, "when I do anything I do it
right.
You cannot stay here until the morning.
And now go. When I say go I mean go.
Now, at this moment, and not tomorrow,
And please remember wherever you go,
Or wherever you may be,
That I am a lady of honor,
And the model of respectability."
And as she said this she jerked her head from side to side.
Like she did not care if it broke off from her neck.
And then she wheeled upon her heel and down the hall
did glide,

And at every step she took,
Her head from side to side she shook.
And also at every step to her dress she would give a
a vicious flick.
Young Ethel watched her until she disappeared from her
sight,
Then sobbing and sighing,
Praying and crying,
She stepped out into the night.
And with head bowed down she went her way,
Through the dark courtyard and along the road,
Wondering what her poor mother will say.
She is trying bravely to carry her heavy load,
And as she tramped along the road leading to the gate
she dried her tears
And banished all her fears.
And although it was very late
She feared nothing, why should she?
For she was as innocent as a maid could be.
She knew that she had done nothing wrong.
She knew that she was healthy and strong.
She knew that her mother would believe what she did
say,
And that the sun would shine another day.
She knew not of the danger of traveling at night,
Until the great gate loomed up in sight,
And she saw a man there by the dim light of the moon.
O'er his arm hung a coat, he was humming a tune.
Then for the first time she knew the danger,
And her heart was filled with fear.
On a dark and lonely road to meet a stranger,
And no protection near.
There is the gate-house, but there is no gate-keeper there.
The door is open and the windows are bare.
The poor family lived there had to go away,

Because they got children, because children play.
The man heard Ethel's footsteps now,
He knew it was a ladies' step, a light, quick pat, pat.
He wiped the perspiration from his brow,
Stroked his small moustache and adjusted his hat.
Then as Ethel drew near,
Now near choking with fear.
She is getting more afraid as nearer she came.
Now she recognizes the man,
And he is coming to meet her.
It is Master Edmond and he does greet her,
With hat in hand he speaks her name.
And she with drooping eyes
Tries to pass young Edmond by.
But he stands there and blocks the way.
He says that he has something of importance to say.
"Is it of so much importance?" said Ethel,
"That you must stop me on the road at night?
Can you not wait until day,
You are a gentleman, you know it is not right
To treat a young girl in this way?"
"Oh, don't be a little goose," said Edmond.
"Don't be so foolish and so shy.
I have waited long for this opportunity,
And now you want to pass me by.
You should not run away from me,
Because I am rich I could do much for thee.
You are poor, you must work every day,
For a few paltry pennies you give your strength away.
To see one so beautiful as you working 'tis a pity.
You could be living in a beautiful flat in the city,
You could have all the money you wish to spend and more,
You could have beautiful diamond rings,
All kinds of nice things,
And lovely silk dresses by the score."

"Master Edmond," said Ethel, "what do you mean by talking like this to me?
How could I, a poor girl, get all these things,
Diamonds, and dresses, and rings.
Please explain to me."
"I will explain," said Edmond, "you can get all these things, of that there is no fear,
Because you know that I love you,
My little sweetheart, my Ethel dear.
And now give me a kiss," said he.
"Don't be a little simple."
As he placed his arm around her waist.
"Only just once just let me kiss your little dimple.
You know I would not hurt you,
Just a taste."
"Edmond Tombly," said Ethel, as from him she tore herself away.
"Please let me pass, let me go my way.
Now what you would do I know.
How dare you talk to me so.
Go and ask them of thy own class.
They would refuse thee.
Then why should you take advantage
Of a poor girl like me?
I am poor, but honest, as you know,
Now let me pass, let me go."
"You are poor, but honest," said Edmond, with a sneer.
You are poor, but honest, you are waiting for a better price I fear.
Now listen to reason," said Edmond,
"You know that I love you.
I will give you anything and to you
I will always be true."
"Master Edmond," said Ethel, "your way is not my way.
My way is not thine.

You may go your way
And I will go mine."
"Now listen to reason," said Edmond.
"Your mother is poor.
She may have a few dollars.
But as she gets older her dollars will get fewer.
Would it not be nice, when she is old,
If you could send to her each week a little gold?"
"Let me pass," said Ethel, as she tried to pass, now to the left, now to the right,
"Let me pass or I will scream.
My lungs are strong and I can fight,"
Edmond could see now that his pleading was vain.
He knew that he had lost.
And he with passion is now like one insane,
As here and there he is being tossed.
He must win her
She cannot escape him now.
Madness is in his eye.
He will win her somehow.
But how can it be done?
How can she be won?
If not by fair means then it must be by foul.
An idea comes to him.
From his face fell the scowl.
Ethel is fighting now
With finger nails, elbow, hip and knee.
Bravely her enemy she assails.
As she fights for her honor, as she fights to be free.
And now the chance has come
For Edmond to try strategy.
He has picked up his coat,
Which in the struggle had fallen to the ground.
Now they are standing face to face.
He must make her look around.

Looking over her shoulder he called in loud voice,
"Stand back, this is no concern of thine."
Ethel turned to look.
He then threw the coat over her, and the sleeves around her arms entwine.
Then he knew that he had won the fight.
As around her struggling form he makes the sleeves tight.
Then was a stifled scream and moan
Ethel fell to the graveled floor.
Now his eyes shine bright as he said,
Now she is mine and mine alone.
He picked her up in his strong arms—
She was like one dead—
And disappeared through the open cottage door.

WHAT THE WATCHMAN HEARD.

Why was I not born rich? Ah, curse my fate,
If I were rich I would not be guarding this estate;
Then to choose my occupation I would be free.
But I cannot mend matters by worrying—what is, must be;
There is but little pleasure in life for one that works by night
And sleeps in the day, when the sun shines bright.
But if I were rich, what would I be? Ah; I know.
I would be a general, an admiral, or travel with a show.
I am sure that I would make a hit upon the stage,
Because I can write songs by the page.
I should have some training, I suppose.
I guess I will try my latest song,
Just to push the hours along.
Well, here goes:

ON THE STREETS AT NIGHT.

A group of happy children dancing on the street one night
An organ round the corner playing filled them with delight;
Mothers talking, fathers smoking, sitting at the door,
A scream of pain, a flash of flame up to the sky did soar,
Midst clanging bells, screams and yells,
The fire-fighters drew in sight.
Such are the scenes that we may see on the streets at night.

CHORUS.

On the streets at night, what sights we see!
Scenes of joy and misery,
Fashion, folly, crime and lust,
Fortune's victim begs a crust,
Virtue trampled in the dust—
On the streets at night.

A man, a lady laughing, chaffing, strolling down the street,
Dressed in fashion, diamonds flashing, lady young and sweet—
An old man bent with age and gray meets them face to face;
The old man gasped, "My child, at last, and with you disgraced!"

The old man fell, a scream, a yell—
He lay dead in their sight.
Such are the scenes that we may see
On the streets at night.
Well, that sounds all right, I will try some more,
Perhaps this one would bring an encore.

THE NEW COON MILLIONAIRE.

I feels just like I was walking on de clouds,
I is the happiest coon in de town.
I am as happy as a peacock and just as proud,
I is as happy as a king with a big gold crown,
For my lady-love, she am a high-toned girl, of a very high degree,
She am de only daughter of a millionaire, an' she am a-going to marry me.

CHORUS.

I am a-going to be de new coon millionaire, a high-toned coon,
I am a-going to make de coons all stare, soon, soon, soon.
I am a-going to marry millions, and then I'll show some class.
Some coons am a-going to feel awful small when da see me pass.
I'll be dressed in de best and have diamonds, just to catch de lady's eye;
I'll have money to burn, to throw away, and a thousand dollar bill I'll pin on my tie.
Oh, I'm a-going to be de new coon millionaire.

I feels just like I was a Vanderbilt or Gould,
I got de diamonds and money to burn,
I's de happiest nigger in all dis great, big crowd world,
And that happy wedding day I does a-yearn.
My lady-love, she does a-love me true,
And she knows that I love her;
And our folks all say on dat happy wedding day
We will make a very happy pair.

The watchman had finished his song,
And like a happy coon was strolling along
With the strap of his clock wound around his wrist,
And a big night stick grasped tight in his fist.
He was prancing and skipping,
Saluting and scraping and dipping.
He was doing his funny cakewalk
When he heard a sound
That made his heart bound,
And turned his face the color of chalk.
"Devils from hell!" said he,
"What in the world can it be?
Is it ghosts or spooks,
Or some one screaming in agony?"
He dropped his watchman's clock upon the ground,
Then drew his pistol.
Then to tell the mansion man there is something around
He blew his whistle.
Then through the shrub he did dive,
Across the lawn and along the drive,
Down the hill and up the rise,
Looking, searching, with his eyes
Along the road to left and right, expecting every moment
to see some bloody sight.
He was ready to rescue, he was ready to fight.
On, on, he went, up to the cottage and around;
He listened at the open door, but heard no sound,
Then on again he went into the wood,
In and through and all around,
Looking for a trace of blood,
Listening to hear some unusual sound.
But what he looked for he could not find;
No sound could he hear.
But he saw his own shadow on looking around,
And it gave him a creepy fear.

So he went back to where he had left his clock,
Now more than an hour ago.
He was wondering what excuse he would make,
And if Mrs. Bull that excuse would take,
For missing once to wind his clock.
He is thinking and walking very slow.
"She will never take a ghost story like that," says he,
"She will be pleased to have the chance to bounce me;
If I should tell her the truth it would not do at all,
For my wife is sick and soon a little stranger will call.
She may tell me that I dreamed it,
She may tell me the excuse won't fit,
But nevertheless I heard that scream,
It was not imagination nor yet a dream.
I will tell the truth, but will she believe me? Bah!
That scream was sharp and shrill,
It chilled my blood and my heart stood still.
Then twice I heard that voice repeat
In plaintive tone so sweet,
'Mamma, mamma.'"

IT IS DARK.

"It is dark, it is dark, it is darkest when nearest day;
But, oh God, thy way is bright
To the weary soul thou givest light.
I come thy way,
Nearer and nearer, my God, I come to thee;
Dearer, dearer, oh God, thou art to me.
Take my soul,
Take it whole.
Oh, God, do I hear you call.
I am getting weak,
Rest I seek.
Oh God, help me or I fall."

LIKE A CHILD AT PLAY.

Streaks of gray, then silver, and then gold;
It is break of day, it is day, the day is old.
Deep in the wood
Young Ethel, she stood;
Now she raises her eyes,
And looks up into the skies.
Now she is walking,
Now she is talking,
Like a little child at play.
Now she turns and looks around,
Then at sky, then at the ground,
Like one that had lost her way.
Then up to the banks of the river she went,
And to look into the water her body she bent.
Then she threw herself into the stream.
A sob, a splash, then a gurgling scream,
To hide her sweet face from the wicked world,
Her soul upon the road to destruction she hurled.
Poor child, poor child.

ETHEL AND HER GUARDIAN ANGEL.

"Oh, beautiful shore, with thy golden sand;
Oh, how I longed for thee, oh, beautiful land;
But why do you stand there, Sir Knight, with unlifted hand,
May I not come upon the shore,
For my life upon earth now is o'er?
Why do you stand there like one ready to fight,
With thy naked sword, battered and wore?"
"I will tell thee, poor child," said the knight,
"I am thy guardian angel, and for thee
I have fought many a fight,

And many more must I fight before thy soul is free;
I was detailed by God to watch o'er thee."

Ethel: "Have you always been a guardian angel,
Fighting for souls until they are free,
Fighting for them, watching o'er them,
Like now you are guarding me?
You look like a knight of old,
That used to fight for God on high,
That gave up their lives so that they
Might go to God when they die."

Knight: "Yes," said he, "I was a knight,
And for God, my king, I did fight."

Ethel: "Then why are you here, Sir Knight,
After all your years of struggle and fight
For God, your king, and for right?
Why are you not sitting at God's right hand,
After making such a noble stand
For the love of God and honor bright?"

Knight: "Child, I fought for God, my king, my glory;
Listen and I will tell thee my story.
Many hundred years ago I was young like thee, and strong,
And my mother taught me how to pray.
She taught me right from wrong;
She told me that our God above
Loved all His children as she loved me,
And if I served Him all my life,
Some day my God I would see.
If I was always just and true
To God, to myself, and to my neighbor,
Some day my God would call me
And reward me for my labor.
'But if to sin some day you fall,

Heed thee, child, what I now say,
If you judge your neighbor wrong,
Or wrong him some other way,
Atone at once, make that wrong right,
Ere you see another day,
And before to God
Again you kneel to pray.'
My mother died;
Her soul, it went to God,
Her body to the dust.
Then I went out to fight heathens,
Whose God I was told was greed and lust,
And my trusty sword freed many a soul,
Laid many men low with vicious cut and thrust;
Victory was on our side,
And we, poor fools, thought that God our arms did guide,
As through the poor, shrieking wretches we did ride,
Until our swords and costumes with carnage did reek.
They have not our faith,
For them there is no hope or charity
Until they speak the word;
We believe as thee, and then
We took away their gold,
And left them wiser men.
We were strong, we were right,
They were weak, they were wrong;
Had they been strong they would be right,
Had we been weak, then we would be wrong.
And it is thus even to this day I see
In your so-called land of the free.
If you have wealth, you're right then, you are strong;
The poorer you are, the weaker, the deeper the wrong.
And it went thus until one day,
In a foreign land, where the palm trees nod,
Where men bow down to reptiles,

Golden cows or wooden god.
I, then a mighty leader of men, brave and bold,
That would fight for God, for king, or fight for gold.
Until a princely man, with following grand,
Took to the field,
With horse and footman at his command,
With sword and glittering shield.
They rode out upon the plain
And took their stand,
Ready for the fray.
With spear and sword in hand,
To fight for what they knew was right,
To fight for home and for honor bright,
For liberty and their native land.
And when I saw them standing there,
I gave the command to prepare,
And then soon our spurs into our horses' sides did sink,
And our swords in the sunlight flash,
Our horses quivered with the stinging pain,
Then forward madly dash.
Down on the plain like a lightning flash,
Swift as the eagle when he swoops upon his prey.
Thus did we fall upon our enemy.
Down on to them, in and through them,
Lashing, smashing, crushing bones.
What care we for their screams of agony.
What care we for their dying groans?
We give no quarter to pagan fools.
Death to them all, the devil's tools.
And crashing, smashing, ripping, tearing,
Turning the green plain to a bloody red;
Stabbing, jabbing, cursing and swearing,
Trampling the wounded and the dead
As through the enemy we flew.
But our enemy they fight us well,

Dearly their lives they sell,
As brave men always do.
And my brave men are falling fast,
We have met our match at last,
As all fighting men must do.
We are fighting bravely,
But we are losing heavily.
We can only win now by strategy.
They are getting reinforcements from everywhere.
My thin line is thinner with gaps here and there.
We get weaker, they get strong,
Now the fight cannot last long.
Now we are fighting on the hill
And now in the valley.
Now bravely the enemy advances to attack.
We stand in defense, we fail to hold them back,
And we retire very rapidly.
What is left of my men would like to flee,
But with great exertion I did them rally;
Now we are but a poor thin line,
It is twenty thousand to ninety-nine
As forward again we go
Down that bloody valley.
And now it is not worth while
To tell the rest.
We fought our fight, we did our best,
Our bones were scattered north, south, east and west.

AT HEAVEN'S GATE.

"Then when my body died, my soul it went above,
Up, up, to the gate of the land of love.
Many of my friends I met on the way,
And some that had been enemies, too.
The princely man that I had fought that day,

And with my own sword had slain.
He was just in front of me,
And he was praying fervently,
For had we not told him that he was wrong
And that we were right,
And has not the same caused many a bloody fight?
Had he not seen us, the Christian hordes,
Spreading the words of Christ with bloody swords?
It was no wonder that he would pray
After what he had seen that day.
And when the gates of heaven we did see,
Then we fell to the floor and beat our breasts,
None of us knew what our fate would be.

"Not the worst nor the best,
We all have sin.
Many we could see had to pass by
With moan and sob, and tearful eye.
Only one now and then was taken in
All this happened as quick as the wink of an eye.
And learn their fate.
They step to the gate
They step in or pass by.
Soon me and my enemy were nigh.
I was searching in my mind to see
If some little sin I could find,
That in some unthinking moment
I had committed.
And the poor sinful pagan
I really pitied.
For was he not an idolator?
That is the greatest sin.
He has no chance of getting in—
Mhradge Ram Sing, a pagan king.
Saint Peter he now did call.

And now the pagan again
To his knees did fall.
Then I heard a sweet voice call,
The sweetest voice that ever could be.
"'Mhradge Ram Sing, from sin thou art free,
And now, weary child, come unto me.'
Mhradge Ram Sing went to the gate.
Now the pagan king does know his fate.
The gate was opened and he went in,
For Mhradge Ram Sing was free from sin.
Now came my turn, and how glad I felt,
As on the golden strand I knelt,
For am I not a Christian and free from sin?
Did not a pagan sinner get in?
I have fought for God all my life.
I never took to myself a wife.
I am a Christian, I am good.
Christ died for me, he shed his blood.
Allan Right, a Christian knight,
Saint Peter, he did say,
'Come to the gate and hear thy fate,
For this is thy judgment day.'
I stepped forward bold and brave right up to heaven's gate,
For I was sure that I already knew my fate.
There was Saint Peter with his key;
Inside the gate he did stand;
And there was my God, our heavenly father,
And Jesus Christ at His right hand.
Christ was pleading to his father,
Begging Him to let me stay,
But God our father, all love and pity,
This to me did say:
'Allan Right, Christian knight,
Near all thy life thou didst fight.

Thou didst murder and slay.
Thou tookest thy fellow-man's life away.
Thou hast been a sinner all life long.
Thou hast judged thy neighbor wrong.
If wilfully thou causest thy fellow-men pain,
And thou dost not atone,
And he that thou wronged does not freely forgive.
If thou dost not right that wrong
Whilst thy soul in flesh dost live,
Then heaven thou canst never gain,
Or if thou takest thy fellow-man's liberty away,
With the loss of heaven thou must pay.
And now, Allan Right, Christian knight, what hast thou to say?'
Upon looking up to make my plea,
I saw a great blackboard in front of me.
It was a leaf from the book of record,
And upon it were impressions taken from my brain.
All the sins of my life distinct and plain
Were placed upon that board.
And when all my sins I looked upon,
Then all my hopes had gone.
Then I knew that I was
The greatest sinner of all,
And then to God for mercy I did call.
Then my father spoke again
In voice so sweet and very plain.
He said, 'Allan Right, Christian knight,
Thou must know thy fate.
Now thou cannot enter heaven's gate.
Outside the gate thou must remain
Until some day I call thy name again.
Outside the wall until I call, out on the plain.'
And since that day I have been waiting patiently,
Waiting, waiting, forever waiting,

For my father to call me."

Ethel: "But that is an easy punishment, is it not?
It is better to be here than in the place below so hot."

"It is, my child," said the knight.
"The punishment is very light.
It is a just punishment,
But it is a terrible punishment."

Ethel: "You have some hope, it is true,
Now, tell me, do you think your heavenly father will call you?"

The knight: "If I can keep you free from sin
Until the gates of heaven you go in,
Then sweet child, kin of mine,
If thou savest thy own soul thou might redeem mine."

Ethel: "Then am I a kin of thine, Sir Knight?"

The knight: "Thou art, thy name is not right.
Thy name is entered upon the book of fate,
Ebbeltwate, only daughter of George Ebbeltwate."

Ethel: "Then this is something new to me,
And I am pleased to have one so brave to guard me.
And now tell why was I tempted so the other night,
And suffered so. Do you think it was right?"

The knight: "What God does do it is for the best.
Perhaps it was to put thee to the test."

Ethel: "And were you there standing guard
When I was struggling, fighting so hard?"
The knight: "I was not that day, I was called away,
For that was thy fate day."

Ethel: "And where were you on that day of fate?"

The knight: "Awaiting orders, standing at heaven's gate."

Ethel: "You were at the gate then tell me, what did you see?
I would like to hear, for it interests me."

The knight: "I will tell thee what I saw and heard,
As I saw it and as I heard."

THE LADY FAIR AT HEAVEN'S GATE.

"When I got there a lady fair was standing at the gate.
Her head she held high, her eyes they were dry,
As she waited to hear her fate.
Then I heard our father say,
'Thou from the path of virtue did stray.
Once thy soul was pure,
Thy face was fair and thy form divine,
And thus they would remain for all time,
Had thou not fallen and dragged another soul down with thine
Deep into sin, deep into crime.
Deeper and deeper thou didst go,
Until thou hadst forgotten God.
Deeper into crime and slimy sin.
Deeper thy end to win until thou feared not the laws of man and God,
And the punishment for this you know well.
The joys of heaven you will miss.
You have earned the horrors of hell.
You know the penalty when the way of sin you trod,
You feared not the wrath of God.
So thy way now is, alas,
By the way through the falling pass.'
And now with weeping eyes, gnashing teeth,
'Midst scream, and sobs, and sighs
She disappeared down the path
From which she can never rise.

A REPENTANT SINNER.

"The next a poor woman
Up to the gate she crept.
'I'm a sinner, O God,' said she,
'Oh, God, have mercy upon me.'
Then I heard our father speak again.
He said, 'Child, come to me,
And I will ease thy pain,
For thou hast done thy task faithfully.' "

THE RICH MAN AT HEAVEN'S GATE.

"The next a man who upon earth
Wore fashionable clothes,
Who had watery eyes and a big red nose.
His cares upon earth had been few,
For he was one of the well-to-do.
He had gotten wealth by the scratch of his pen,
He had gotten wealth by robbing poor men,
And when he saw his sins before him,
And the gate closed tight,
Then his eyes with real tears grew dim,
And he said, 'Oh, God, can this be right?
I have led a Christian life,
Down below in the world of strife.
Every Sunday to church I went,
And my head in prayer I bent,
And for pennance sometimes I would guard thy church door,
And hurry them along that lag.
And then, when the service was near o'er,
Then I would pass around thy begging bag.
And much have I given to this same church.
My charity brought me fame.

My name was always at the head of the list.
And when I gave I gave in Thy name.'
And when he had finished speaking,
And the sound of his voice had died away
Then our father spoke again,
And this is what he did say:
'Thy life has been a life of sin.
What cared thou if thou didst win?
Thy faith was in thyself, thy faith was greed.
Thy hope was of thyself, thy hope was lust.
Thy charity was to thyself, thy charity was vanity, greed, lust, vanity.
This is destroying humanity.
They who have this for their creed
They the word of God cannot heed,
And thou art guilty of this crime,
Thou must go below, to hell for all time.'
And now howling and growling
The rich man does go
Down through the pass that leads to below.

———— STANDS BEFORE HIS MAKER.

"The next name called is ————,
And this man's sins they fill the page.
He is guilty of large thefts, small thefts, and thefts of every kind.
He stole from the rich, he stole from the poor,
He stole from the lame and the blind.
He stole from the widows and orphans
That cried for bread.
He stole from the sick, he stole from the dead.
He stole many a man's life.
He stole a man's wife.
He stole a man's health to save his own life.

He stole a great city and through it runs a railroad over
a rod.
But when he taught others to go his way
Then he stole from God.
And now he stands before his maker,
This small man, this large thief.
He is weeping bitterly, but he is a faker.
For the loss of his gold he is filled with grief.
Our father spoke to the thief,
That looks sorrowful and overflowing with grief.
He asks him why he took others' property away.
And this is what the daylight thief did say:
'Oh, God, I have come to thee.
I, thy poor Christian son,
Whilst upon earth I served Thee,
And now my task is done.
Every Sunday I went to Thy church,
With silk hat and kid glove,
And I often heard the minister talk about Thee.
So good, so kind, so full of love.
And as I can not longer stay upon earth,
I come to Thee, Oh, Lord
To make this my abode,
And to claim my reward.'
'Thy reward is waiting, thee,' said our Lord.
'Thou wilt get thy just reward,
But thy resting place is not here, alas!
The way is down through the falling pass.'
Then with his thin legs shivering,
And his false teeth diddering
Like one that felt very cold,
He called to God to grant him his last request.
'Oh, give me that, oh God, that which I love the best.
My God, my bright and glittering gold.'
And as he went down to the bottom of hell,

He was weeping, screaming, and loud he did yell:
'Give me my money, give me the whole;
Give me that for which I did sell my soul.'

JUSTLY DAMNED ————.

THE COMMERCIAL PIRATE

"The next name called was ————, the commercial
pirate, the enemy of mankind.
This man in life was a miserable grasping thief,
And to the rights of all others he was blind.
He robbed the rich, he robbed the poor, he robbed
All that he could rob, like unscrupulous robbers will do.
He robbed widows and orphans of their last crust;
To God and to man he was untrue.
He pauperized many, and many poor sinners to destruction he sent, and many to an untimely grave
And in his greed for power and worldly wealth
He had forsaken God, and he had destroyed his health,
And caused many for bread to crave.
Never in his life did this man do a real kind act,
Never did he do what was just or right.
He was morally iniquitous, he was a commercial
Monstrosity, he was socially destructive, he was
Social dynamite, and when this monster
Appeared before his Maker, he looked up at God
And smiled. He said, 'Oh God, so good, so kind
And just, so very calm and mild,
I have come at last to thee, I, thy weary child.
I have always loved Thee well;
Search my heart, my heart can tell.
I could never tell a real lie,
Even if I did really try.
I am so very innocent, so respectable, so very
Pure, and so good, and if all men had been

Like me, Christ need not have shed His blood,
And, dear God, do you know what I have done?
I have done much to be worthy of Thee.
I have given much to Thy church, oh, God, for the missions o'er the sea,
So that Thy ordained helpers from sin can wash the pagans free;
So that they can make them pure and sweet,
Just like Thee, oh, God, and me.'
And when this rocky-hearted fellow had ceased to speak,
He bowed his sinful face, and stood like one so meek.
He was sure that he was pure, free from sin,
And he was sure that God, Our Father, would call him in.
Then our father spoke again, His voice was sad and low.
And ———— staggered and quivered like he had received a shocking blow,
And then he howled in terror, he now is much afraid,
For now he does guess his punishment for his wicked sin,
And he is sure now that heaven he can never enter in.
When our Heavenly Father said:
'Cruel, unholy wretch, to thy fellow-man thy heart was cold.
You were guilty of every sin whilst in life upon earth;
You sold your soul for what it would fetch—some sin-smeared gold.
The torments of hell you did win, and now you will get your worth!
Go down to hell, to the bottomest pit,
And there in the flames of torment forever sit,
For thou must reap as thou didst sow.
Begone to hell, begone below!'
Then ———— howled again,
In anguish, in sorrow and in pain.
'Oh, God, so kind, so good,' said he,
'Oh, please, be merciful unto me.

For what have I done that I should suffer so,
That I must go to hell below?'
And then our Heavenly Father said:
If only a millionth part of thy sin were weighed,
They the mighty justice scale would overflow,
And with them thy sinful soul would sink to hell below.
Thou art guilty of every crime and sin,
Thou hast sinned in every way,
And the most heinous of all thy sins,
Is the sin of bribery.
You bribed senators, governors and presidents,
You corrupted those that make the law,
And many hungry bodies to destruction you sent.
You crushed their lives with your covetous claw;
You committed sin and you hid behind a religious screen,
And for your sins of wrong, of robbery, and hypocrisy,
For corruption, bribery and for God-mockery,
You must burn forever, midst the flames of thy own manufactured kerosene.
Your kerosene, like rivers, through hell shall flow,
And the flames will lap thy soul with a hellish glow.
And now, cruel wretch, begone to hell below.'
And as that soul went down to hell,
The demons danced in great delight;
And the fumes of kerosene we could smell,
And the cruel-hearted fellow screamed in fright:
'Oh, God, my soul is filled with sorrow and pain,
Call me back, oh, God, and let me live my life o'er again!
Let me be poor and I will be true to Thee and man, I vow;
Let me hunger, let me suffer; heap sorrow upon my brow,
But give to me the wisdom that I have now,
And I will never sin again.'
But his pleading was all in vain, alas,
For none do return from the falling pass;
And when to the gates of hell he drew near,

His screams grew louder; he screamed in fear,
As he tried to stop his headlong course.
But he was carried on with some unseen force,
And the waiting demons louder cheered,
As to the gates of hell he drew more near;
And when he fell amongst them,
Then more loudly did they yell,
As they caught him with their forks,
And then sank down into the flames of hell.

MERRY CARNAGE, MILLIONAIRE.

"The next name called is Merry Carnage, millionaire,
And a little man stepped up with wrinkled brow and silvery hair.
And when this man saw all his sins he got a nervous fit.
There were so many sins on that board
It took him long to read it.
That blackboard told a terrible tale.
Upon it were these sins: murder, bribery and blackmail,
And sins of a similar strain.
Robbing the man that must labor,
Cruel and inhuman treatment to his neighbor,
Causing grief and pain.
And when Our Father asked the little man
What he had to say,
The little man bowed and smiled,
And this he did say:
'Oh, God, dost thou not know what I have done?
Didst thou not hear?
Dost thou not know the fame I have won?
Must I advertise here,
All over the world I did advertise,
And my great name I did popularize
By killing the poor.

First I robbed them of their gold,
And then I shot them down in cold blood,
Upon the streets their bodies lay stiff and cold.
And the blood did flow like the torrents' flood
Of the poorest of poor.
To the poor, poor I have never given one cent,
But I compelled them to pay extortionate rent,
And thereby made them more poor.
And when the rent they cannot pay,
Then from my houses they go their way,
Because they have no business being poor.
I have done all this to advertise.
I know the way, I am wise.
I have given millions of dollars to the poor rich,
But to the real poor I never gave a penny or a stitch.
I give organs and libraries and money to the rich,
Because this is the best way to advertise.'
Then Our Father did say:
'Thou knowest a way
To get and to give gold away.
Truly thou learned a way to advertise,
And thy name to popularize,
But dost thou know
That by getting gold in this way
That thou looseth thy soul when thou dies?
You robbed the poor to give to the rich.
You took away human life.
Took from the widows every stick or stitch.
Thou robbed thy victims' wives.
Truly thou learned to advertise,
But true wisdom thou did not show,
For now when you are dead
Heaven is not thy reward, but instead
To hell thy soul must go.'
'Ah, speak not so, oh, God,' said Carnage, 'until you hear,

For your terrible words they fill my soul with fear.
Thou art wise, oh, God, and thou dost know
That where fashion leads we must go,
I followed the pace set by men upon earth.
Good honest Christian men, men of gentle birth.
There are the Astorbilts
And the Vandergoulds,
The Rockymorgs and Harrisages.
And I am sure none of them could spell bribery.
And when these wise men do sin or the people they would win
Then they give to Thy church an organ.
And now to fix myself here,
And I can do that I have no fear.
Oh, God, please accept from me a library!'
And then Our Father spoke again.
His voice is sad, his language plain.
'Begone,' said he, 'begone below,
For it is there where all fashion followers go.
Follow fashion, play the fool.
Fashion is the devil's sharpest tool.
Begone, begone, below.'
Then down the pass that poor soul fell,
Pleading and praying with weeping eyes.
Down he went to the bottomless pits of hell,
And now there his soul he may advertise.

THE POOR WIDOW AND ORPHAN.

"The next is a poor widow and child.
Husband and father are dead,
And that poor mother for self and child
Has bravely struggled for bread.
For many long days, in sunshine and rain,
In frost, and snow, and sleet.

That poor mother and child went out
Without shoes upon their feet
To pick up chips after the river's flood,
Or for pine knots far into the wood.
On this day that mother and child were picking cinders
That had fallen along the railroad track,
And they had got their basket full,
And to their home were going back.
And they gave thanks to God for what they had got.
Now the little girl finds that her basket is hot.
She lifted it down and then she found
That her cinders were on fire.
But they knew the basket could not burn,
For it was made of wire.
Just then they heard a locomotive's whistle blow,
And like some wild thing it did crow and crow,
Then the mother knew the danger.
It was the express coming,
And now she could hear it screaming, rattling and humming.
She dropped her basket and grabbed her child.
She had fear in her heart, her eyes looked wild
As back with her child along the trestle she flew,
As nearer and nearer the whistle it drew.
Only a few steps to go, only a few more,
When down upon the mother and child the train did soar.
Then a wild scream of fear, of pain, a sob,
A sickening sound, a terrible gash,
As the royal flyer that mother and child
From the trestle to death did dash.
And the flying train continued on its way,
And then two souls appeared for judgment that day.
Hand and hand as they had often done below,
Singing their favorite hymn as they do go.
The hymn was sweet and sweetly sang,

And soon the heavens with melody rang.
All the angels were awing,
Harp and lute did loudly ring,
Melodious and gay
As the angels came to meet them on the way.
The gates were open and all went in,
For those two souls were pure and free from sin.
And then Jesus met them and took them by the hand
And they went to their father amidst this joyous band,
And then louder and louder the music rang,
As all the angels in heaven sang:
'Keep those golden gates wide open,
Keep them open wide for me,
For there my Saviour he is waiting,
Waiting, waiting, there for me.'

"And now, child, back to earth thou must go,
For thy friends are calling thee on earth below."
Ethel: "Oh, Sir Knight, I cannot go back to earth again.
Surely you would not have me suffer the pain.
You are my only friend, my own blood, my kin.
Think of the sorrow, the shame and the sin."
The Knight: "Ah, poor child, thy sorrow is great,
But thou cannot escape thy fate.
He that wronged thee, he that would destroy thee,
Has repented and he will save thee,
And soon he will make thee his wife.
And from now thine will be a happy life.
And now, poor child, so beautiful, so pure and brave,
Remember, that thou hast other souls besides thy own to save,
And now to thee I will say fare thee well,
And every moment I to God will pray that thou his blessings merit."
Ethel: "Then fare thee well, Sir Knight, until we meet
Again in the spirit, fare thee well, fare thee well."

THE STRANGER.

It is a beautiful summer's day,
And Floreen Park is bright and gay.
A balmy breeze is blowing
A delicious breath from trees and flowers.
From sweet scented shrub and blooming bowers,
That all around are growing.
A stranger now appears upon the scene.
He admires the flowers and lawns so green,
And the beautiful sights upon every hand,
And the mansion so tall and grand.
The stranger is a man with military bearing,
With sunburned face and hands.
'Tis plain he is a soldier, though
No uniform he is wearing,
And that he has served in tropical lands.
Up to the mansion door the stranger went.
He rang the bell, then his card to Mrs. Bull he sent.
Mrs. Bull received the same,
And when she did read the name,
She nearly fainted.
"General Ebbeltwate!" she said,
"That reminds me of one that is dead."
Her face turned deathly pale—
The parts not painted.
"But it cannot be him," she said,
"For he has long been dead.
But it might be some of his kin
That would take the property away from me,
And thus leave me in poverty.
Or perhaps they suspect my sin,
Ba, ba," said she,
"That it cannot be.
Am I getting more cowardly as older I grow?

It cannot be him, so why should I worry so.
I love and I live only for my dear Alphonso.
But I will take precautions, I will wear a veil."
And when down to the waiting room she went
She wore a veil, and costumed like one on a journey bent.
Now Mrs. Bull is speaking.
And now the stranger is speaking,
And the stranger is telling her
That he is searching for his wife, a lady fair.
"It is near a score of years ago," said he, "when I
Left my sick wife behind me, to fight or die
For the country of my birth.
My native land to me was the dearest land upon earth.
I left my dear wife behind,
Because patriotism turned by mind.
Soon the stork at my house must call,
And bring to us a baby, so sweet, so small,
But it is too late now to bewail
When a loving heart aside I tossed,
That heart to me was forever lost.
I will tell my tale.
The fight was fought, the battle won,
When one dark night
I was laying awake in my humble tent,
When I got a great fright.
I was thinking of my dear wife,
That I loved better than my life,
That I left at home.
And I was thinking what a fool I was to roam.
What startled me and caused my heart to beat
Was the sound of my own wife's voice
So low and sweet.
Then I heard that voice again,
Louder now, distinct and plain.
It was at my tent door.

My wife is calling me by name.
I arose from my cot and went to the door.
Then loudly a pistol shot did roar.
The assassin took good aim.
Then long I laid in a stranger's bed,
Between life and death, like one dead.
And when at last I regained my senses
When I looked around,
I was much surprised and pained,
For I found
That I was like a ship without an anchor,
Without rudder or masts.
I found that I had forgotten my past.
The furthest back I could remember
Was a pain in my brain,
And, oh, how I then wished that
I had been slain.
Who am I?
What am I?
What is my name?
And who was the assassin
That took good aim?
They told me that I had been shot one night,
By some rebel that had lost his fight,
And that I had come from the United States and that I
Would be welcome to stay with him and share
Their fates until they die.
I stayed with them until I was strong again,
My wound healed, and I had forgotten my pain.
Then to my new friends I bid adieu,
And I sailed away across a sea so blue
To a land where there was fighting to be done.
Where, for a brave man, there were laurels to be won.
And thus I became a soldier of fortune,
Ever fighting for the weak,

For what cared I for my miserable life.
I had no kin, no child, no wife.
Nor yet had I vengeance to wreak.
I always fought on the weakest side,
My conscience was my guide,
And no reward did I seek,
And since that I have fought in many lands,
On snow clad hills, and on tropical sands.
Till one day not long ago,
When again by a bullet I was laid low.
There is the scar, as you may see."
As he pointed to his brow.
"It was a close call, as you may see,
But the danger is past now.
When I came to my senses again,
As I lay wounded on the plain,
I found that I was not
Brave, and fearless as before,
But a coward fearing for my life,
Laying close down to the floor,
As the bullets whistled through the air,
Cannons booming, and shells bursting here and there.
Then to God to spare my life I offered up a prayer,
For back to my childhood I could see,
My past memory was returned to me.
Everything of importance was returning fast.
It was like turning and looking down a valley,
Through which I had often passed.
There is the house in which I was born:
There is the church and the graveyard where mother does lay.
There the meadows, and the fields of golden corn,
And the school, and the yard where I did play,
And back until another church I saw,
A little church built of brick."

Now Mrs. Bull staggers and falls into a seat.
"Please excuse me," said the stranger, "should I get water? are you sick?"
And he went to her assistance with hasty feet.
But she revived and with her hand warned him away.
"Please don't get water," she did say.
"It is a passing weakness this I am subjected to.
Please continue with your story,
I am pleased to listen to you."
"And then my sweetheart's home," continued he,
"Where I spent many a happy hour.
There our trysting-place, the honeysuckle bower,
And then the beautiful villa where I took my blushing wife,
That I loved better than anything in the world,
For whom I would give my life.
But where is my wife now, and the child
That I never saw?
Where can I find them, where must I look, where must I go?
As these thoughts rushed through my wounded brain,
With the fear of death I was near insane,
And I prayed to God as I had never prayed before,
As the shot and shell did fly, and cannons roar,
Spare my life, oh, God, prayed I,
For I am not prepared to die.
Spare me my life that I may atone,
That I may brighten the life of my poor wife,
That I left sorrowing alone.
Oh, spare me, that I again may see
My poor neglected family.
And all that day in the burning sun I lay,
And all that night I fought the wolves away,
And as the sun again was raising in the East
The firing grew louder and then suddenly ceased.

Then a deafening cheer rent the air.
Loud they did yell and roar,
And when it grew lighter upon the hill I saw
Our flag flying there,
And I then knew that the fight was o'er.
Then soon I was in the hospital tent,
And when convalescent away I went,
Back again to find my home.
Vowing never more to roam.
And, oh, the joy in my heart when my home I could see,
It was beating now, with rapture wild.
I pictured my wife's joy upon seeing me,
And the glad surprise of my only child,
But, oh, the blank despair,
When I found my wife not there,
When they told me she had gone astray,
And that she was a sinner from the day I went away.
They told me the child was born,
But where it was they could not say.
They thought that the child was put away,
And that is the reason, Madam,
That I have called to-day,
To ask you if you knew her,
Or know where she might live.
I would thank you for information,
If information you could give."
Then Mrs. Bull spoke with a tremor in her voice.
She said, "Sir, it is a pity, because you are so nice,
I pity you, and I pity the woman, that would fall so low,
And on the very day that you from her did go,
But I do not know of anyone of your name around here.
You left here so long ago, you cannot find her I fear,
And if I were you, I would not worry about such a wretch
as she.

I would not fret, I would forget, and live happy and free."
"I do not fret about the woman," said the stranger,
"But I do about the child.
When I think of my child's danger,
That was perhaps cast amongst strangers,
With anxiety for her I am near wild."

THE FOSTER MOTHER.

Just then a great noise was heard coming from the servant's hall,
A woman in angry voice was heard to say:
"I will see her, if I must pull down a wall."
Then 'midst voices harsh and voices low and sweet,
And a great clattering of hurrying feet,
A woman rushed into the hall,
And the servants to her to come back did vainly call.
But the woman did not stop, she did not heed their call.
She went right to the furtherst end of the floor,
Until she came to the waiting-room, then she stood at the door,
But only for a moment, then into the room she went,
And up to Mrs. Bull, and this volley of words at her she sent:
"Where is my child, woman," she said,
"What did you do with her?
Did you send her out at night to be murdered,
Or did you murder her?
Now tell me quick, woman,
Or as sure as I am old Ethel Bell,
I will strangle you where you stand,
If for doing this pennance I must go to a prison cell.
Quick, quick, woman, tell me
What I want to know,

For I am wild,
I must save that child,
If I must lose my own life in doing so."
"Stop, stop, low woman," said Mrs. Bull,
"How dare you talk to me so?
Leave the mansion this moment,
Or to a prison cell you will surely go."
"Ah, ah," said Ethel, "I know that voice.
Did you not once travel the Merrick Road?
Did you not once have a child,
And did you not leave it at my humble abode?"
And as she said these words,
She snatched the veil from Mrs. Bull's face,
And said: "It was you, oh, woman, oh, disgrace.
You are the woman that left the child that terrible stormy night.
It was for you that for one year at our window we had the candle light.
It was you, I can tell by the mark upon your face,
You are the mother of that child, I will swear.
You were once fair, with golden hair,
But the features I can trace,
Although your face is painted and you have silvery hair,
It was you, you—do you hear what I say?
It was you that cast your child away;
And now perhaps that child is dead."
Now the stranger sees the mark upon Mrs. Bull's face.
"It is she," said the stranger, "it is she,
And she has denied me,
Time that mark could not efface.
I know you now," said the stranger,
"You are the woman that I did wed;
I will say nothing about the life you have led,
For I to you have long been dead,
But there is one thing I will speak about,

And I want an answer quick.
Where is my child? Tell me this; anxiety makes my heart sick."
"W—w—what's all this about?" said a loud voice
Of a man, as he staggered into the room.
"Why all these angry faces, and why
All this blank, blank gloom?"
The speaker is Mr. Alphonso Bull, and he is as merry as a king.
"Let us drink," says he, "and our sorrow to the wind let us fling.
What's the trouble, lady fair, do they want to know where the kid is?
Ah, if that is what they want to know, perhaps I can do a paying biz.
I want twenty thousand dollars, lady fair, to hold my tongue;
Twenty thousand dollars, do you hear, or I will see you hung.
Give me the cash, do you hear what I say?
Give me the money, or I will give you away.
What! you won't give it, won't you? then take the conquences,
I don't want your bloody pence.
I would not take money from a murderess, anyhow,
I prepare to earn mine by the sweat of my brow.
"This woman," said Alphonnso, as he pointed to Mrs. Bull, "is a murderess.
I will swear to this, it was by me that she did do this murder.
I was a drunken fool;
I was this assassin's bloody tool.
She crept to the tent door, and called the man by name.
And when the man appeared I took my aim.
Bang! went the pistol.

And to hell went my soul,
When that brave soldier to the ground did fall.
And this is the truth, to this I will swear,
I shot the man, but she is the real murderer.
Hi! what is she doing with that bottle?" said Alphonso.
"Dash it from her, it is poison, I know.
What are you doing; ah! ah! it is now too late;
She has drank the poison, the lady fair has turned her leaf of fate.
The vial falls from her hand, 'tis too late to stop her now,
Large beads of perspiration are upon her brow.
Her body trembles o'er and o'er,
As she sinks down to the floor.
Then a gasp, a quivering sigh,
A faint, "Aphonso, good-bye,"
And Mrs. Bull is no more.

EDMOND REPENTS.

It was late in the day when Edmond did arise,
He yawned and stretched himself, then rubbed his eyes.
"Why," said he, "I am more tired now than when I went to bed,
Why is this feeling in my heart and why this pain in my head.
This sporting life will kill me if I stay at it long,
For every time that I awaken I feel less and less strong;
There is a crust upon my tongue, and I am fearfully dry.
I drank too much last night; now let me see, where was I?
I remember being at the club house until about ten,
Then I went to the other place, with some sporty men,
And didn't we have a good time there?
And wasn't there some hot stuff there?
Wasn't that new one a peach, and didn't Bella act funny?
Ba! ba! they are all the same; they love you for your money.

And then, when I went home, yes, no, what—have I gone mad?
Was this some terrible nightmare?
Was I really at the gate-house with her—
With Ethel, that sweet girl, could I be so bad?
Oh, yes, it all comes to me now; oh, my God, the sin.
The poor child was so pure, and the state that I was in.
What will become of me? what will become of her?
But why should I worry? she is only a poor girl, why should I care?
But if she would bring me to court, what can I say?
Ah, I know, the girl threw herself in my way.
All refined people know that poor girls are brazen and bold,
And if her mother should make a fuss, then what shall I do?
Well, then I guess I will have to do as others do.
I will fix her mother with a few pieces of gold.
But why am I sad when I should be glad,
Why to my heart does this sadness cling.
I am young, I am rich, I am a handsome lad,
But my happiness to the wind I did fling
When I became bad.
My heart is filled with sadness
When it should be glad.
Ba, ba, why should I be sad,
Why let my spirits fall?
I will make my heart feel glad.
I will take a good high-ball,
I will chase the bad spirits
With good spirits.
A spirit that is cold to touch, but hot,
By a spirit that has merits,
Good old Scotch spirits.
That will chase the clammy spirits from my soul,

Like rats before a ferret, from their hole.
The fighting Scotch spirit,
A cold, red-headed Scot,
His sword is cold, but his heart is hot.
He is the spirit that knows how to chase.
He then rang the bell and when the butler did appear,
He said, "Jones, I cannot eat much breakfast, I fear,
You might bring the coffee and a little toast,
And, Jones, don't forget to bring the Scotchman's ghost."
But when breakfast was over, he felt no better.
His stomach was fuller and his throat was wetter,
His heart was as heavy as it was before
And his conscience troubled him more and more.
Then he tried reading, then he tried walking,
He tried writing, and he tried talking,
He tried everything he knew to chase the gloom;
He tried sleeping, he tried drinking,
But he could not stop from thinking
Of the sin that he committed, and his doom.
Then o'er to the barn he went,
And there the atmosphere he rent
As he called for an automobile.
Give me something that is not slow,
The fastest thing that you do know,
To fly, to float, or to run awheel.
He stepped aboard an automobile,
Advice he would not heed.
And when the motion he could feel,
He then put on full speed.
And all alone he went that pace,
Trying to leave behind or chase
His thought.
Now he is flying along a mountain ridge,
Now he is crossing a railroad bridge,
But as fast as he goes his thoughts go to,

As over mountain and plain he flew,
Bravely he fought.
He could not lose this thought
It stayed right with him
Until with real sorrow his eyes,
They grew dim.
Now right ahead he can see a stream,
And he in his haste did not dream
That in this he would be caught.
And now as to the stream he drew near,
He breathed a prayer, he was filled with fear,
For his automobile was beyond control.
It struck a tree, and into the stream did fall,
His sorrow he had bought.
Edmond flew from the auto spinning like a wheel.
He struck the water first with head, then with heel,
And down to the bottom he went, and yet aspin,
And as he went his only thought was of his sin.
He was sure now that his end had come,
As the water choked him, and in his ears it did hum.
But he prayed to God to spare his life,
That he might make the girl he wronged his wife,
That he might wash away the sin, the crime;
If not, the stain will stay for all time.
Our God, so good, He heard his prayer.
Edmond felt the bank, now here, now there,
And when at last he did open his eyes,
He was frightened and much surprised,
And as he crawled up the bank,
Our God in heaven he did thank.
But what is this that he can see.
My God, says he, what can it be.
Upon the bank he could see a head, a woman's face,
And down in the water her form he can trace.
Another step; then a scream of agony rent the air,

For it was Ethel's death-like face that he could see there.
Help, help, called Edmond, loud as he had never called before,
As he drew her body to the bank, as he knelt upon the floor.
"Oh God, spare her to me,
If only for one day,
That I might make her my wife,
And wash the stain away.
Help, Help, again he loudly cried,
And to bring her back to life he tried.
He rolled her o'er until her face is hanging down,
And he pressed her and then he found
That water ran from her mouth to the ground.
Then he turned her back, then up and down,
Her hands he put above her head,
Then pulled them down again to her side,
Then up again, then down, her hands he did guide,
Her face was calm, just like one dead.
And how he worked over that poor girl,
With fearful thoughts his brain was awhirl.
But soon he saw her draw a flickering breath,
Then soon he knew that he had saved her from death.
Then, oh, what joy in his heart he felt,
As beside that reviving girl he knelt.
When he heard her heave a half-sob, half-sigh,
And then when she opened her eyes,
His heart was filled with joy.
He begged her to forgive him, his eyes were filled with tears,
And he begged her to marry him, to banish her fears.
And then a passing carriage
Took them to the mansion grand,
And like two happy children
They walked in hand-in-hand.

Old Ethel and Ethel's father were there,
And the clergyman united the happy pair.
There were blessings all around and then soon
This loving couple went upon their honeymoon.

MOORSTOWN SOCIETY NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Tombly returned home last night,
And again the mansion was cheerful and bright;
They came to be present at the wedding of their only son,
To as sweet a young lady as ever man had won.
Some say the couple were married upon the sly,
But the truth is this: the bride was wise,
She dislikes the cold stare of vulgar eyes,
Or if you like this best, the blushing bride was shy.
The bride, Miss Ethel Ebbeltwate,
Is the only child of General Ebbeltwate,
A brave soldier of fortune. He first fought that the land
of his birth be free,
And since then he has often fought and freed the op-
pressed.
And the power from many a tyrant he did wrest.
Many battles he has fought upon land and on sea,
He is a veteran of many wars in South America;
He is a veteran of the late war in South Africa.
Dame Gossip has it that his daughter so fair,
And although she is the only daughter of a millionaire,
So as to be fit, so as to lead a happy life,
To learn thoroughly the duties of a good, a natural wife,
She worked as kitchenmaid, and as chambermaid,
As waiting maid and as parlor maid.
She learned all things in housekeeping,
From cooking foods to sweeping,
So that at the sacrament she could honestly say,
When to her choice she was given away,
I will love, honor and obey this man all my life.

CONCLUSION.

A short year soon passed away,
And again Floreen is bright and gay.
Everyone looks happy about the place,
The servants have a pleased look upon their face.
The Tomblys are delighted with their daughter-in-law so fair,
And they do everything they can to make more happiness for her.
Ethel and Mr. Tombly, Jr., are the happiest of them all,
Because a few months ago a stork did call,
And left the young couple a baby, sweet and mild,
A boy, a strong, bright, happy child.
Mr. Edmond, Jr., is a happy father, and oft with gladness his eyes they grow dim,
When he fondles the baby, and looks in its face; the boy is the picture of him.
And oft the sweet wife kissed his tears away,
As o'er their child their heads were bent.
Oft with gladness in her voice she did say,
"Sorrow not, my love, you did repent,
And in the proper way."
And murmur, as she kissed her baby o'er and o'er,
"God heard thy prayer and vow, when my soul stood at Eternity's shore."

ANOTHER NOTE.

Again an interesting item readers might see
If the society columns they do scan,
As interesting to you as to me.

'Twas from a well-informed reporter's pen.
Although no date has yet been set
By this worthy couple, so well met,
It is written upon the Book of Fate
Mrs. E. Bell will soon be Mrs. Ebbeltwate.

The First Parents of Mankind

It is a summer's evening and the glowing sun, as it sinks behind the hills, casts dazzling rays over the tented city at Peekskill, where the national guardsmen of New York city are enjoying their week in the open, at the old camp grounds, and altho the boys are tired after the hard day's grind they are happy, and as they move in and about the white tents they sing popular tunes, or whistle bugle calls. All of them wear a smile upon their sunburned faces. As the sun disappears from view, a stillness steals over the valley, and now only a few brown-clad figures, with rifles at their shoulders, can be seen; they are the sentinels who guard the camp. It seems that all within the tents are, or soon will be, in slumberland. But suddenly there comes a sound of a melodious voice; it rises and swells as a young soldier sings, "All Alone," and then many others throughout the camp join in. They finish the song and repeat the chorus, and then many of them yell in sheer delight, while the applause floats out over the surrounding hills.

The song and yells brings many from their tents, and they stand and listen for more, but apparently the singer is satisfied with the commotion and remains silent; most of the men returned to their tents, and some of them light their candles or lamps, for the dark of night is closing. In the street of Company G, near the first sergeant's tent, are a group of men who previous to the melodious din had been discussing an article which one of them had read in the New York American.

"It's all rot," a young fellow said, as he turned to the man who held the paper.

"I guess you are right," said another, as he and others turned, and then the last speaker continued: "Now, look here, the Bible tells us that Adam and Eve were the first parents of men, and we must believe what the Bible says, and they our first parents were put on this earth only a few thousand years ago."

"The Bible, me hat!" retorted a young Irishman. "I have never read it, and from what I have heard of it I guess it is not for the likes o' me."

"The Bible is all right," several of the men chorused, as they turned quickly to the last speaker.

"Now! now!" said the man with the paper, "this is not the Bible, and let us not argue about the good old book," and then, as he saw two sergeants coming from their officers' tent, he continued: "But we will have the opinion of men who are more wise than we can ever be, these brave old soldiers of fortune, these men who have fought in many lands may tell us something." Then stepping towards the approaching veterans he said: "Could you spare us a moment, Sergeant?"

"Sure, my boy," Sergeant C replied; then as he glanced at the faces about them, and the paper, "What is it, more fighting in Mexico?"

"No," replied the man with the paper, "we would like to know what you would say in regard to this article in the American. This modern man 170,000 years old, who was found in England, dug up from the bottom of an old river bed, do you believe it?"

"Yes, that's all right," Sergeant C replied, and his smile broadened as he turned to his chum enquiring: "Does this recall anything to your mind?"

"It does, be gob, it recalls the tale that was told by our old friend Private Gray, when we were sailing over the Bay of Bengal on the Kohinoor to fight King Thabou,

and they were the divel's own tales that that young man told to us," and Sergeant E. laughed heartedly.

"They were good, he had a first class imagination," responded Sergeant C. Then turning to the man with the paper, "You may believe that, I have read it."

"But listen," said the man with the paper, "according to this the human race has been on this earth some hundreds of millions of years. This Galley Hill man, credibly estimated to be 170,000 years old, who is much nearer to the modern man than he is to the Neanderthal and other prehistoric European men. How old, then, are they?"

"Hundreds of millions," came the quick reply. Sergeant C. then continued: "I could tell you a tale of the courtship and marriage of the first parents of mankind if you would care to hear it."

"Tell us," said the younger man.

"Step into my tent."

A moment later they are sitting around the tent lamp, and then with pipes lit and all comfortable, Sergeant C. tells this story:

"We were all young men, soldiers of the Queen; amongst us were men of many nationalities, myself and other American sailormen who had drifted into Calcutta, and seeking adventures had joined the British Army, when we learned that there was going to be war with the Burmese. Soon we were on a troop-ship, headed for Burmah. It was on the second night out, and the two companies who were quartered on the lower troop-deck were preparing to sleep; some of the men were already in their hammocks, others sat or lay on the deck, and the conversations were ordinary and orderly until one of the men, a brave, bright and intelligent young fellow by the name of Gray, began to speak of the Bible and the Christian systems, and then all were interested and many

of the men became much excited, and when Gray had finished speaking there was a great uproar. Some shouted in praise of Gray, but many cursed him until they were tired. Some fell asleep cursing, but our friend received it all with a smiling face, and gradually they ceased to talk. Then for a few moments all was quiet, except for the snoring, or an occasional grunt or groan of dreamers.

"Gray is lying in his hammock wide awake and thinking, and soon he finds that he is not the only one who is awake, for Private Black, who lay in a hammock next to Gray, sat up and, leaning over, looked into the bold, laughing eyes of his friend.

"You are not asleep yet," Black said.

"Not yet," Gray replied.

"Well, I am very glad to hear that," Black continued, "for I would like to ask you a few questions."

"Go ahead," Gray replied.

"I will, this is what I want to know, which of all the animals are our nearest kin? From what animals did the monkeys come, and did we come from monkeys?"

"The question I can answer quickly," Gray responded as he sat upright. "We are kin to all the living things. The mother of the first man was a hare; the father a featherless bird. We did not come from the monkeys, they came from the first of mankind."

"Is that what you believe?" asked Gallagher, who had sat up to listen.

"It's what I believe," said Gray.

"You are sure that a monkey was not the first parent of man?" asked Black. "You are not fooling?"

"I am not fooling," Gray replied. "When I am asked a serious question, I give a serious answer."

"Of course, I know that," said Black. "You always give an honest reply to every question. I have never

known you to tell a lie or refuse to answer a question, but I thought—"

"Oh, you need not think, you got an honest reply, and that should satisfy you," said Gallagher. "You lay down now and let me ask something." Then, turning to Gray, he continued: "Tell us what you know about the first parents of men."

"Yes, tell us," came several voices in chorus.

"I will tell you. But I will speak low, as there are many men sleeping, and if I should say something which you do not believe, do not get angry, and waken these sleeping men. If you should have something to say in reply, keep it until morning, or, if you cannot do that come to me and speak low."

"Go ahead, Gray, we won't make any noise," said several voices.

After a pause, Gray continued: "You know that this earth was once like the sun, a fiery ball, and that it ceased to burn and, when the outer crust had cooled, there came living things in the water and then, upon the barren rocky surface of this planet there came other creeping and squirming things. It is supposed that life began with a single cell, and then progressed to creatures like the jelly-fish, then to vertebrate creatures like ordinary fish, reptiles and birds, to mammals and finally the highest type of all—men. The first men lived in caves and dressed in skins."

"Tell us about them," several shouted.

"Not so loud," said Gray.

"Tell us," said Gallagher, "about the animals who brought man."

"I will," Gray replied. "It was millions of years ago and millions of years after the first living things came from about the ponds and pools and shallow waters. Now the rocky surface is covered with earth, and on the

earth are vast forests and valleys and plains, covered with rich vegetation, and browsing upon these sweet grasses, ferns and tropical plants, there are many beautiful and timid animals; flying above them are birds of every size, shape and color. As the grass-eating animals nibble they keep a sharp lookout; they are ready to run to save their lives, for they know that there are prowling voracious beasts in the forests around, that will eat them if they catch them. It is this knowledge that has made them timid. It has also made them swift of foot. It was at this period of the world when man first appeared. And now I will tell you where and how it happened.

"It was in a secluded glen, up upon the brow of the world, in the great mountains near where the Thibetans now dwell undisturbed by the outer world, the then coolest spot to be found, and also the safest for small animals. Large beasts were seldom seen far up in the mountains; they preferred to stay near the swamps and forests, on the low-lands, where food is plentiful, where they could wallow in the mud or seek shelter in the forests from the fierce heat of the scorching sun. It was early morning and the sun had not yet risen, when into the glen before mentioned, there came from a cave an animal like the hare of the present day, but much larger. She stood for a moment near the hole in the rock and sniffed the still air; her delicate nostrils twitched until she caught the odor she sought, then turning and looking into the direction from whence the familiar odor came, she saw standing on a rock near by a bird, who was void of feathers, and covered with soft red hair.

"This wise-looking fellow has a head like an eagle and a body and legs like a great rooster; she looked at him for a moment, with a tender expression in her pink eyes, for a few seconds the cold serious stare left his. 'Twas like the shadow of a smile came about his keen

gray eyes. The bird, who stood like a sentinel, guarding the glen, was a combination of all the birds that fly or walk; the hare is a combination of all the animals who live upon the earth. They both are descendants of the first living things that crept and squirmed on this earth many millions of years before they were born.

"When Miss Hare saw the change come over the brave face of Mr. Eagle Bird, she frisked about in delight, for she knew that he still loved her, and that he would guard her while she ate her breakfast. Miss Hare nibbled a few herbs that grew in abundance, and as she did so, wandered in a zigzag route towards the bird, and he watched her as he had done many days, since first she came to this glen from the valley below. First, when she saw him she was afraid, but she soon found that he did not want to eat her; and she has learned to like him very much, for he is so gallant and brave. When he goes away for a few moments to get a little food she becomes very lonesome; indeed, she is beginning to feel that she cannot do without him, and when he does return, her heart is again light. As she drew near to Mr. Eagle Bird, he hops about gayly, lifts his short, handless arms and looks as if he would like to fly to her. But he does not leave the rock upon which he stands.

"All the time, Miss Hare is watching him slyly from the side of her eye. She pretends not to see his admiration for her, but she does see it, and is delighted, and she shakes herself and smiles and wags her tail, and then looks up at him coquettishly. And now Mr. Eagle Bird thinks that he has won her, and jumps down beside her; but suddenly she became shy and bashful, and sat down beside a small rock, with her eyes drooping, her forepaw folded across her breast, and upon her face a bewildered expression as Mr. Eagle Bird screams love sounds and hops around her. She sat like you may have seen your

grandmother sit when asked some puzzling question. Did any of you ever see your dear old grandma in such a fix?"

"Yes, yes, go on with the story," said Gallagher and others.

"I will," Gray replied. "When Mr. Eagle Bird found that he could not coax Miss Hare to respond to him, he screamed more love songs and vowed to be ever true, and then, with great dignity, walked back and took a position on the look-out rock, and soon Miss Hare had regained control of herself, and again she was frisking about her lover as before. And this went on for many days, until at last, when she had her lover on the verge of madness, his love burning him so much that it took from him his usual senses and made him act like a fool—(perhaps some of you boys have been in a similar predicament, I have never been in love, but I have seen others that were)—"

"You have been there, all right, or you wouldn't know so much about these matters," said Black.

"Go on with the story," said several voices.

"I will," replied Gray. "This young coquette who has driven Mr. Eagle Bird to the verge of insanity, was at last compelled to submit to him. She had contracted the disease, the love germs had entered her blood and inflamed her whole body; she is full of gladness, good-will and kindness, and she can no longer resist him, and there in that silent glen, near the top of the mountains, one beautiful evening, as the sun was setting and casting over the world a golden glow, it was then that Miss Hare consented to be his wife, as she raised her bright eyes to him who had been pleading so long and fervently, and there, where no one could see, they were married, they became one, and from that moment they lived together as husband and wife, and in the course of time, the stork had passed over the glen and Mrs. Hare Eagle Bird be-

came the mother of four healthy babies, which she nourished and cared for as all mothers do, and the father guarded them all jealously. He was always on guard when the mother came out for her meals, and when she would go back to her babies, then the father would go and secure food for himself and would always bring back nice tender pieces of healthy flesh for the babies to suck on, and on that and the mother's milk they thrived, and when they were strong enough to creep from the cave they caused their parents much trouble and anxiety as they watched over them and guarded them from danger.

"And when big and strong and able to stand up the parents were surprised and delighted at the funny things they did. They not only could stand up and walk about like their father, but they could climb trees and shake down fruits, and as the father watched over them with love in his stern eyes he would say to himself, 'My children, I am proud of you, you are a credit to me and your mother, and you look more like me than your mother. Your faces are somewhat like mine, but your eyes are blue and your noses are similar to mine, but your mouths are similar to your mother's; your arms are just like mine would have been had mine grown.' And the mother would often say, as she watched them at play, 'You are my dear children, and I love you all, for you are noble and brave, just like your father is; your features are just like his, I see; your bodies and legs are long and strong, but you are all a part of me.' And when the children were able to take care of themselves, the stork again called and left five little children to Mrs. Hare Eagle Bird, and thus it continued. And when the oldest children were young men and women, they married, and very soon that little glen was too small for all of them, and then they began to spread over the face of the earth, and in a few million years, they had spread to every land, and

now, we the children of Mr. and Mrs. Eagle Bird are fighting each other, instead of living in peace as brothers should do."

"Are you finished?" called a voice from the other side of the deck, when Gray had ceased to speak.

"Yes, I am finished," Gray replied.

"Well, allow me to tell you that you are a great fool."

"It's a jolly good story," said Black.

"It's surely true," said Gallagher.

"He is a fool," said Hayden. "How can we all be brothers and sisters, white men, yellow men and black men? It is impossible for him to explain that, for he nor no one else can do it."

"I can explain," said Gray. "The cause of the different appearances of men was due to the climatic differences and modes of living and customs."

"Aw, customs, me hat," said a voice down the deck. "We are a different breed than the negro, anyhow; I will say nothing about the others, but the negro and the white man are not of the same breed."

"Listen to me for a moment," said Private Fallon. "I have heard people say, many of them negroes, that the first men were of the negro race; that Adam and the people who lived in Egypt in the time when the great pyramids were built, the statues and the sphynx, were negroes, and they pointed to them things to prove their argument."

"They are wrong, them negroes were boasting to you," were the expressions that came in reply to Fallon.

"What do you think about them flat-nosed statues, Gray?" said Gallagher.

"They may have been built by the negroes, for negroes did once dwell there in large numbers; they came from Africa, as did the Nubians and Abyssionians, and the dark-skinned people were defeated by the pink-skinned

men who came from Asia, and had made settlements in many parts of Europe. These red-haired men organized on learning of the great wealth of the black men, collected all possible fighting men and swooped down upon the gilded cities of ancient Egypt and sacked them, capturing many of the people and holding them as slaves, and it was the intermingling of these pink and black-skinned people that gave to the ancient Egyptians the dark hair and skin. And even now, after all the millions of years that have passed, there are often born to the Jews children of red hair, who show the color of the first fathers that came from the East."

"That may be all right about the Egyptians," said Fallon. "But that does not account for the negro. Where did he come from, and how did he get there first?"

"I will tell you," Gray replied. "He came from Africa and it was some of the offsprings of Mr. and Mrs. Eagle Bird, who created him by unwise choosing of mates."

"You are right, Gray, you are right, I think," said Gallagher. "And I believe monkeys came in the same way."

"That's foolishness," said several of the men.

"Foolishness, or otherwise, I believe they came that way," Gray replied.

"Perhaps they came before Mr. Eagle Bird did," Gallagher said, as he slapped Gray on the back. "Perhaps the spawn of a hippopotamus got mixed with that of some other flat-nosed, black-skinned animal whilst it lay in the pond by the stream."

"That's enough! That finishes it! That is rot! Foolish talk!" were the exclamations that came from the men, and they laughed at the idea. Just then Tom Enright wakened and yelled: "What in the name iv hell is the matter with you people? Why in Amsterdam don't

you go to sleep and let decent men have their rest?"

"I guess we had better go to sleep," Gray said, as he stretched himself in his swinging hammock. "Good night, boys,"

"Good night, good night!" came the cheery replies, and a moment later all was quiet on that lower troop deck.

The History of Private Coalbox

Soldiers of the Queen, men of Great Britain and Ireland, and of Hindustan, are rushed aboard H. M. S. "Kohinoor" and are sailing over the hot and glittering waters of the Bay of Bengal. They are off to war, to put a stop to the bloody hands of King Theabow and his hired assassins. In a few days more they will be at Rangoon, and there transferred to the flat-bottomed boats of the Irrawaddy and fighting their way to Mandalay. Men sit on the deck and talk, laugh and sing; others lean at the gunwale and watch the ships that pass in the distance.

Amidship, near the mainmast, in a narrow space between two hatches, are about fifteen men, and sitting with their backs against a hatch are two chums, Privates Gray and Enright. They are young men who have seen much of the world, and have had active service on the troublous frontiers of India, and their talk is interesting to the other soldiers who listen attentively. Private Gray had just finished telling a funny story at which Tom Enright laughed heartily, and then, on looking up he stopped laughing suddenly. Now again, for about the hundredth time, he saw the insane hungry eyes of the man who sat opposite to him staring into his. The hungry man for the last two hours was eating, alternately chewing and swallowing hardtack; his eyes were wide open and exposing much of the white glistening orbs. He was looking straight before him and apparently heedless of what was going on about him, and every time that Tom looked that way he saw that eager look. He didn't like it; it gave him a queer feeling, he could stand it no longer, he sat upright and yelled at the man.

"What in the name of heaven are you looking at with those hungry eyes of yours, and why are you forever chewing? All this long afternoon you have sat there showing the whites of your eyes as you stare at me and crush, crush, crush and swallow. Why don't you go to the carpenter shop and swallow a plank, and for once in your life fill up your belly? Do you hear me? Are you listening to me, you hungry looking dog, ye? It's a disgrace you are to the army, and the men who enlisted you had a grudge against the Regiment."

But Coalbox, for that was the name of the man addressed, did not cease to chew and swallow. When one piece of hardtack had disappeared, his long bony hand would slip into the haversack at his side and would bring out another piece. The haversack must have been full when he came on deck; it is near empty now, as empty looking as the man who carries it. When he saw that Tom was yelling at him, he chewed more quickly and stared more intently for a moment; then he drew up his long, thin legs and swung his knees to the right, turning his body and that hungry look from Tom's face. He did not murmur, he appeared unconcerned; he then sat gazing out at the glittering sea and yet chewing. When Coalbox turned, Tom became calm again and he leaned back against the hatch and said: "The hungry devil! It was like a dead man's eyes were fixed upon me, they made me nervous."

"The poor man," said Costillo, who squatted near, "I am sorry for him. We all have some faults, but his, I believe, are worse than mine. I don't believe he is sound in body or mind, we should have pity for him."

"Pity, me hat," said Tom. "If you found those eyes looking into yours for hours, you would lose your temper. It gives me a terrible sensation to be looking into a lunatic's eyes."

"I believe it would give any of us an unpleasant feeling," Costillo replied, "but still he is worthy of pity."

"If you knew that man's history," said Gray, "you would think many times before you said one cross word to him. It is a sad story indeed. He was cast upon the world by a demented mother and raised among the very worst of human beings, strangers. He never knew a mother's love, nor the joy of a happy home with enough to eat and a clean, soft bed. He was raised by women who had fallen through poverty to sin and crime, but as low as those poor women had fallen, it shows that they were not wholly bad, for they cared for him as best they could until he could run around and gather crusts for himself."

"You don't say so," said Tom in a strange voice.

"Tell us about it," said Costillo, as he stretched out his legs and drew near to Gray.

"I will tell you," said Gray.

"For days there had been a terrific storm off the coast of Lancashire, and great waves swept on over the bar; it was so dangerous sailing into the harbor at the mouth of the Mersey, that some of the ships headed for Liverpool and other near ports. When the masters saw the conditions, they had their ships turned about and faced the storm rather than take the chance of being smashed against the massive mason work of the docks. And upon one of these ships which was homeward bound, there was a young husband, the father of Coalbox. People standing, watching the sea rolling high, saw the ship coming towards the mouth of the river, and amongst one group there was a tall and refined woman, apparently of Spanish descent, and when she heard the ship's name called by a man who was near by, who was looking through a glass, her heart danced with joy and gladness, for upon that ship was the man she loved—her hus-

band. And remarks she made, and the expression upon her sweet face, told of her happiness as she watched that ship approaching the bar.

"She will soon meet her husband—the only one in the world she loves, and who lover her. Only a few hours now at most and she will be upon his breast, clasped in the strong arms of the man she loves. But, alas! that ship never again crossed the bar. When near, the master saw that it would be folly to try to enter that harbor with such a wind and sea sweeping in. Through his glasses he could see ships which had dragged their anchors or broken their cables, and were being dashed to pieces as they drifted up the river; and he decided to turn about and live out the storm and return when it had abated.

"Through his speaking trumpet he called commands, the little sail which was in the wind was braced, and the wheel swung over, and the ship quickly turned about; other sails were set and away she sped, cutting through the gale; but before she had gone from sight something happened to that ship, for the distress signal went up at her mast, and then the groups of people saw her tacking and turning. For a moment she is with the wind and sailing towards land at a terrific speed, then suddenly she changes her course; several times she spins like a top as she drifts towards the bar; "it must be her rudder which is broken," said one of the group; "she is drifting to destruction," others cried.

"See the terrible waves washing over her deck," shouted the man with the glasses, "she must have sprung a leak."

"Either that or she has struck something, for she is sinking rapidly, and the few men I can see are lashing themselves to the riggings and masts. There are two men trying to fire a cannon! Oh! there she goes! and

there! The two men and the cannon are washed over board! The greedy waves have swallowed them!"

"The life-boat! see the life-boat!" cried one, and looking towards the dock they saw a twelve-oared boat, tossed like a cork, upon the rolling smashing waves.

"She will never live to reach that ship! Impossible! They had better turn back or they will go down!"

Such were the remarks of some of that group, and those old seamen spoke the truth. Now they see her rise upon the breast of a wave, and as that wave is falling another giant wave strikes the boat and sends most of the men flying into the water, turning the boat completely over.

"They are lost!" "Poor chaps!" "Brave fellows!" were the exclamations on shore, but most of that group were dumb with horror. The life-boat is gone, and night is falling, and the ship, which is now very low in the water is sailing here and there like a crazy thing; all the time getting nearer to land, and all the old sailors there are as one in the belief that if the ship does not soon go down she will drift and smash herself to pieces against the line of docks. Many of the hard men breathed prayers to God, begging Him to be merciful to the poor sailors.

But what of the young wife? If the men feel pain in their hearts, how much greater must be the pangs in the heart of the poor young wife? When it was dark, and the ship could no longer be seen, some of the men lingered, others came and went during the night, and as the moon did not appear they could not see whether or not the ship was yet afloat.

And when the morning did come, men saw a wild-eyed young woman drenched with the spray, her hair flying in the breeze, hands clasped as if in prayer. She was searching the shore, watching every wave that rolled

towards her, as though she expected to see something thrown towards her. All that day and for many days after she watched, but she found not what she looked for, and one morning, those who lived near and had grown accustomed to seeing her there and suspected her loss, missed her, and they wondered what had become of her; some had tried to converse with her, to console her. Others offered her food, but she spoke to none, nor would she take the food offered; the only response they could get from her was a wild stare, and for many days the sailors' wives watched the shore, thinking they might see her body thrown back to land, for they felt sure that she had followed the one whom she searched for, but they never saw her there again, living or dead.

It is a few weeks after the great storm, on a bitter cold night. The scene is a narrow street of Marylebone, before a broken-down and abandoned grocery store, with the door gone and windows all broken out, a place which for several years had been the abode of starving cats. It was near the door of this old place, what was once a coalbox where the groceryman had kept his fuel, to sell in small quantities, to the very poor people in that neighborhood. Before this box stood a woman, pale, haggard and gaunt, with wild eyes and matted hair, and in the folds of her dress she had many bits of paving stone, and these she was throwing at the cats which prowled around the dark street. A policeman found her thus occupied, and on asking why she pestered the cats, she replied, "It is because I must do it to protect the only one in this cold and cruel world whom I love, and who loves me. The wild seas have taken my husband from me, and now the wild beasts would take my child; they shall not have him, for I will defend him with my life!"

The policeman came to the conclusion that the woman must be either drunk or mad; he flashed his light upon

her face, and was horrified at the expression he saw there, for one glance convinced him that it was not drink that caused the woman's strange talk and actions. Being a father himself, and knowing something of the sorrows of life, he spoke kindly to the woman, thinking that she only imagined she was defending her child, but then, on hearing a low cry coming from the box, he was shocked, for he knew then that he had a mad woman and perhaps a dying child upon his hands. He stood in thought for a moment, wondering what would be best to do; to try to take the woman and child to the police station might cause a wild struggle, and be the cause of the child's death, so he came to the conclusion that it would be best, if possible, to have some one near by care for the child, whilst he took care of the mother. "Poor child!" said he, turning to the box. The woman turned and looked at him, and drew from her dress a large stone, and raising the stone like she would crush the policeman, she screamed: "What would you do? Would you rob me of my young one? My first born? The only one I have to remind me of my lost husband?"

"No, poor woman," said the policeman, as he stepped back. "I would not injure you nor your child, but I would help you care for the little one which I know you love; I am a married man, the father of children, and I know how a mother feels for a child; this is a very cold night; too cold for tender ones to be out; why are not you in bed? You and your child might die from exposure."

"Never from exposure to the cold, and never will we die of hunger, for the warm love in our hearts will sustain us, and my sweet babe has my two woolen petticoats around him; he is snug and warm and he wants for nothing. Before the little fellow came, when I had no sorrows my breasts were large and I thought I would have

much milk for my loved one, but when my sorrow came I no longer cared to eat, and for many days I did not break my fast, the flesh left my bones, and the milk left my breasts; it has gone, but we do not need it; my babe will love me just as I am, and I will feed my little one on love. When he is cold or hungry I will press him to my breast and kiss him, and breathe into him my heart's best love; we will live upon love and we will live forever, me and my baby."

The policeman was now convinced that he had a dangerous mad woman to deal with, and to get her and the child to a place of shelter, which he must do, could only be accomplished safely by kind treatment and persuasion, or by a trick, and he raked his mind trying to find some way to get her in from the cold. "If I could get her into one of these houses until morning, then I could make my report and the authorities would then care for her, but how can I do it? Boo, it's cold," and he shook his huge body, and now by the dim light of a distant lamp he could see through the threadbare spots in the woman's dress the pale skin of her lower limbs, as the howling wind pressed her thin covering tight against her, but apparently she did not feel the cold, as she stood watching and occasionally throwing stones at cats that came along the street.

"It's cold," the policeman again repeated, trying to get the woman to converse. "Don't you feel cold? Wouldn't you like to be in a warm place, where you and your baby could rest in peace?"

"No," said the woman, "there is no rest nor peace for us, we can have only love; that will keep us warm and banish hunger." And again a muffled cry came from the old box.

"The baby perhaps is hungry," said the policeman;

"if he had some nice warm milk"— "I have no milk," said the woman.

"But I will get you some, or I will get you something else."

The woman did not reply to this, and the policeman continued: "Do you know Maggie Cullon across the way?"

The woman did not answer, she was watching for cats. "She is not the best in the world," the policeman continued, "she has fallen low, but she has a kind heart, and if I can waken her I feel sure she will care for you until morning at least."

He then crossed the street and knocked upon a small weather-beaten door. Again and again he knocked before receiving any response; then he heard a voice indistinctly, then after a lapse of a few seconds he heard a familiar voice say, "Who is there?"

In a false voice the policeman replied, "It's me."

"And who are you?" said the trembling voice behind the door.

"I am Walter Jones, a sailor."

"Have you got any money?"

"Yes, a lot of it; I have just been paid off."

Then the sound of the turning of a key and the click of the bolt was heard and the door was opened a few inches. "Why, it's the policeman," said the female voice. "You can't come in here; what do you want, anyway? Nobody here has done anything."

"I am a man, whatever else I am, but look yonder, little woman. Do you see the woman across the street?"

"Yes, but she doesn't live here."

"No, I know she doesn't, but I have come to ask you to do an act of kindness. I know you will do what I ask, for with all your bad faults, you have got some good ones. Often I have heard of your kind acts Everybody

knows that Maggie Cullon has a kind heart."

"Well, hurry and say what you are going to ask, for my feet are freezing on these cold flags."

"I will," the policeman replied. "The woman you see there, has just become a mother and in yonder cold and dirty box is her child. They are homeless, and I think the woman is starving. The poor woman is very nearly crazy from hunger."

"A little baby?" said Maggie, now much interested. "Sure, I will do what I can for them. Bring them in. Late last night I got a shilling's worth of coal. I will make a fire and she can lay near it. She can burn all the coal if she wants to."

"Have you got any milk?" the policeman asked.

"Aw, go on, I haven't seen any milk for years."

"No condensed milk, either?"

"No, but I have some cocoa, if it has not gone bad, I got it given to me some time ago, but I didn't care for it"

"Well, make the fire and cook the cocoa and I'll bring the woman in"

"Very well," said Maggie, "I'll make the fire," and she turned and went into her kitchen, closing the inner door behind her. The policeman stepped across the street to where the woman was standing.

"Now we will have a warm place for you," said the officer, as he approached, but the woman did not heed him, nor did she make any reply. She was busy watching for cats. "We will have a warm place for you now," he said again.

"A warm place for me?" asked the woman, as she glanced down into the dark box, from whence the weak voice of the baby came. Then turning to the policeman, continued, "Did you say it was for me?"

"Yes, for you and the baby," replied the policeman.

"No, you have made a mistake, it's for some one else."

"No, not at all, it's for you and the baby. And you must go in, or you and the child will freeze to death."

"Ah! ah! ah!" screamed the woman, and she stepped backward near the box. "And you want me and the child now, do you? You want me and the child?" and her shrill voice rang loud and piercing in the still night air.

"You do not quite understand me," continued the policeman, "we wish to do you a kindness, we would protect you and your child from the cold; there is a nice, warm room across the street, and something warm to drink for you. You know it is too cold to stay in the street all night; you and your child might get sick. Come, come, bring your child; see the kind woman is waiting for you." Maggie beckoned them from the door and shouts, "Come in and warm yourselves," and the policeman steps into the street towards the open door.

"Come, come," the policeman repeated.

"Go," said the woman. "It is you she wants, not me. Go to her; I stay with my child. And when the cats have all gone, then me and my baby will sleep."

The policeman saw that it would be useless to try to persuade the mad woman to go into the house, and he did not know what to do. He knew that every moment added more danger to both of them, and he concluded that he could only get her in by strategy, and he determined to resort to those means, and turning he went to Maggie. They stood at the door and held a whispered conversation for a few minutes; he then crossed the street and, drawing his baton, he ran here and ther, striking at imaginary things and shouting: "Shoo, get out of that, cats," then turning to the woman he called,

"Come, give me some stones quick! Drive him away; he is a beast, quick, quick!"

His scheme worked as he thought it would, and the woman ran towards him, shouting: "Where is it? Where is it? What is it?"

"That's him, hit him, the beast. That's right, that's right, that's right, throw another one," and together they ran, she throwing stones and he urging her on, until he saw Maggie had got the bundle from the box and was returning to the open door. Then he stopped and said, "That's it, he has gone and he won't come back again. And now let us go and take the baby into the nice warm room."

They went back to the box, and, when there, the policeman said: "The good woman has carried your baby across for you. Come, we will all go."

When the woman glanced into the box and saw not her child, her hands loosened from her dress, and the stones fell and scattered; her eyes opened wide and the look in them became more wild, and then her mouth opened, and scream after scream rent the air, each one more deafening, than the last. For a few seconds she would cease screaming and cry, "Where is my child?" where is he?" and then continue to scream again. The policeman tried to tell her, but she could not understand. Then he tried to lead her across the street, but she refused to go; then he tried to carry her, but she slipped from his arms and ran back to the box and looked into it. And before the policeman could seize her again, she turned and ran down the street. The policeman followed, but she left him far behind her, and, as she went she continued screaming, and in a few moments she was out of his sight. It was useless for him to run further, he was out of breath and off his beat now, and there was no hope of overtaking the woman, and he stood panting, listening

to the brain-piercing screams, which went farther and farther away every second until at last they died away in the far distance.

"My, she can run as fast as the wind," muttered the policeman as he walked back. "Poor woman, I wonder what was the cause of her trouble, she was out of her mind, that's sure; deserted, I suppose, by some cruel man, who left her to die in the street, by the way she talked. No, he must have been drowned. She was most likely a sailor's wife. But, whatever her husband was, captain or common sailor, she was a refined woman with a musical voice, and a form and features that were once beautiful. Poor woman!" And he walked back to Maggie's house, and when there he told Maggie to mind the baby until the mother came for it; that the mother was very sick and had most likely gone to see a doctor.

"Very, well," said Maggie. "I will keep the baby until she does come for it."

The policeman then left the house and Maggie drew her bed nearer to the fire, and after the baby had taken its hot drink and a sugar tit, she lay down and slept beside the child. Some days later the mother was fished out of the river, and was identified as being the young woman who, on the day of the storm, spoke of her husband and the ship that was lost. She was also identified by the policeman, and when he told Maggie that the mother was dead, she replied: "Well, you know I cannot be responsible for the baby, because you know I am poor, and I must attend to my business or I will starve to death. But we will do the best we can, me and the other girls in the street; we will give the boy the best we have and mind it in turns."

And thus the poor child was cast among poor, low women. The baby was often sick from neglect, ignorance and carelessness, but by chance he lived through it

all, and when he was able to trot around he sold newspapers and shoe laces, and ran errands for the women and thereby earned sufficient to keep life within him. When he could earn enough money, and the women did not take it from him, he slept in a bed; when he did not have money to pay for a bed, then he slept where he could stretch his limbs. And now you see him still stretching them, after all these years of starvation and suffering, an undeveloped man. The expression in his eyes is the same as was in his mother's after that stormy night, when her poor heart was torn with anguish; the eyes looking longingly for something she could never see, and the craving for food that was in him before he was born, is in him yet, and will so remain until he is dead. But let us hope that his suffering will then be ended; that he will then have what he did not have on earth, peace and happiness, when God has taken him to himself."

"Amen!" said Costillo. "Amen!" echoed Tom and others.

Some of the men who had drawn near to hear the story now hurried away. Costillo sat still and silent, his eyes swimming in water, Tom sniffed, and then smiling, wiped away the tears from his eyes, and after a while said: "It's sorry I am that I spoke as I did to the boy. I would bite off my tongue if I could recall what I said to him. I am sorry from my heart."

He now rose to his feet and, as he did so, he put his hand into his haversack and drew therefrom a half loaf of bread, and, stepping over to Coalbox, said in a gentle tone: "Ah, Coalbox. me boy, I was only fooling when I spoke to you so harshly. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, and I hope what I said did not make you feel badly. You know I wouldn't hurt you, don't you? Sure, we all of us must eat and that's no sin. And see, I have brought you a nice piece of bread. Eat it. I can't, and

I don't want to throw it away if some one can eat it. Here, take it."

Coalbox raised his wide open eyes and looked at Tom's face a minute, then the bony hand shot out quickly, the fingers grasped the bread and drew it from Tom's hand. He put the piece of biscuit which he held in his hand in his mouth and then commenced to tear the bread and devour it, like one who had long been without food; and turning again, he looked out to sea, and Tom turned back and sat down beside Gray, and that group of hardened men sat in silence until the bugle called them to supper.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

NOV 5 1918

form 410